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LA TOUR DU MARCHE, BERGUES.

DESCRIPTION.

Bergues, or Berg St. Vaast, is a fortified town situated upon the river Colne, in French Flanders. It lies to the east of Gravelines, not far from the city of Calais, and twenty leagues north-west of Douay; is a place of considerable strength, the fortifications having been constructed by the celebrated Vauban; and, from a late census, it is stated to contain 5,667 inhabitants. It is, moreover, considered a chief town of the district, licensed by government to conduct the public pasts; has a regular office; and, from the frequency and activity of its fairs, is much resorted to by neighbouring proprietors and farmers; while its manufactories of lace, and its nurseries, tend still farther to promote the interests of trade.

Among the public buildings, its ancient church, with the market place and tower, as represented in the accompanying engraving, afford the most conspicuous objects; and the first impression on the eye of the tourist is at once imposing and picturesque.

In addition to the market fairs, which are held at Bergues no less than eight times during the year, there prevails among the adjacent villages an immemorial custom of celebrating an annual festival, said to have been first introduced from France, called the "Fete of the Rose." Somewhat resembling, in the ceremonies, the feasts of the old English village greens, and most, perhaps, that of electing a Queen of the May, it is, nevertheless, very distinct in its object and tendency. The Rose-maiden, as she is prettily designated, who is selected to wear the triumphal wreath, and to preside as queen of the day, assumes the distinction, not by virtue of superior beauty, station, or influence in the place, but of the reputation she has acquired for final and domestic virtue; her gentle and obliging manners, in short, *for all that makes a girl favorably reported of in her native village.* According to an oral tradition, one of these annual festivals was made memorable by the occurrence of some singular incidents, and as singular a discovery, hardly to be anticipated by the chief personages who figured in the humble drama.

In the year 1765, General Mutfeldorf, an old campaigner in the wars of the great Frederick, arrived at his family mansion in the vicinity of Bergues. He was evidently suffering under depression of spirits, as well as a shattered frame; and he brought with him his friend Count Lindenkron, an old courtier of the Viennese school, whose merry mood marked him a rare exception to the usual line of Austrian thick lins and wits obtuse. As a preparation for cultivating the arts of peace, the General was recommended by his friend to mingle in the approaching festivities: it was the eve of the Rose-festival; and it was reported that the prize of merit would be awarded to one of the worthy Pastor's daughters.—The young Evelina bore the most enviable character, she had punctually fulfilled her every duty with unwearied gentleness and assiduity; she was beloved by all for her benevolence; she visited the poor, instructed their children, raised subscriptions for every object of good, among the neighboring gentry; and, always eager and enthusiastic in a right cause, she was at once the pride and the life of the hamlet.

Delighted with the account he heard, the good old General commissioned his friend to pay a visit to Evelina and the Pastor, and to offer, on his behalf, the free use of the noble lawn, and the hall itself, as the scene of the next day's election. The proposal was accordingly tendered to the ladies' committee, and accepted: the ancient courtier was enraptured with the beauty and manners of the fair candidate; and he still lingered, after performing his mission, to converse with her. He regretted that he had not yet seen the village church; and the Pastor being from home, Evelina, at her mother's request, instantly took down the keys, and offered to show him through the edifice. Expressing his gratitude in the most profuse terms, the Count attended her to the church; and, having seen every thing worthy notice, turned to depart, when, just on reaching the door, he had the temerity to offer her a salute; and the next instant found himself locked inside the church, with a parting slap of a fair hand tingling on his cheek. Here the Count had full leisure to indulge his taste for church architecture, instead of drinking tea with his friend the General, who was now impatiently looking for his return; but he looked in vain. It grew dark; but no Count Lindenkron made his appearance. Meantime, in fast darkness, the courtier of the old school began to feel uneasy as the shades of night advanced: he could see nothing distinctly; but what he did see, seemed very like the ghosts of deceased elders, coming out of the vaults to read him a grave lecture on the wicked gallantry of the old courts. The shadowy forms of ancient apostles appeared to be leaving their marble stations: strange noises were heard; and fancy was about to run away with him on her witch's broom. In the dele table state he had crawled to the doors, and began to batter them, crying, at the top of his voice, "*Ghosts, and murder!*" and with so much emphasis, that the words reached the ears of the worthy Pastor, as he was jogging by, on his way home. He made a full stop. "Ghosts and murder!" he ejaculated, as he heard the words repeated, "and in my church!—that is very shocking!—very odd!" Instead of going nearer, however, he only spurred on the faster, thinking it was of no use to examine into the cause before he had got the church keys, if he did it at all.

On entering his own door, Evelina came forward and handed him the said keys; but the Pastor involuntarily refused them, exclaiming, in an uneasy tone, "What makes you think I am going to church to-night, child?"

"You must go, dear father: I have a particular reason for it."

"And I may have a particular reason for not going," rejoined the Pastor; "and assuredly either you, or your mother, or our old sexton, or all of you, shall go with me: I heard strange noises as I came by."

"Yes, yes! I dare say," replied his daughter; and, taking her father's arm, she related to him what had occurred in his absence, as they went along. Greatly comforted, in one sense, the worthy Parson thanked Heaven that matters were no worse, and hastened his steps to release the unfortunate Count.

The moment the church-door was unfastened, out bolted the captive like an arrow shot from a bow, as if pursued by a legion of demons, nor looked once behind him until he had reached the General's, who had almost given him up for lost. Swift as he had come, however, the Count had time to invent a story by the way; for he assured the General he had been locked in the church by the sexton, and quite by mistake. It passed with the good old General, who even commiserated the poor Count's mishap; while the latter secretly vowed vengeance on the fair cause of his disaster and alarms.

The morning at length appeared, and the General was first roused by the blast of a trumpet under his windows, answered by the peals of a great drum. He looked out and beheld, with astonishment, the most singular company he had ever seen upon parade—literally a skeleton regiment. It consisted of about twenty old, shrivelled, broken-down soldiers—a true invalided corps, most fit for the body-guard of death.—They were almost buried in their wide regimentals, old cocked hats, and huge perukes.—They were armed in an equally ludicrous style, while their colors flourished in the grasp of an ugly hunch-backed little ensign. Their commander, advancing in front, mounted on a richly caparisoned donkey, answered the queries of the General, by informing him that they were a detachment of an invalided regiment at Bergues, despatched thither by the General's friend, Col. Solbritz, to do honor to the festival, and preserve peace during the election.

"Just as well qualified for the one as the other," returned the General to the dwarfish officer; "and though I had no idea of calling out the military on this occasion, I will furnish you with some rations, for which, I suspect, you are better prepared than for fighting: so march, quick time, to my house-steward; he will be your commissary." The General had no need to repeat his request: they suddenly disappeared.

The festival was ushered in by a fine cloudless day. The good and lovely Evelina was conducted from her residence with great pump.—Her fine auburn tresses were wreathed with flowers; flowers were strewed along her path. Upon the green lawn, bedecked as the place of coronation, the Pastor addressed the spectators in a short impressive discourse, pointing out the superior advantages of a course of prudent and virtuous conduct, as contrasted with an opposite career. The General next placed the rose-crown on the fair maiden's brows, little dreaming, at the moment, he was bestowing the prize of excellence on his own long-lost child, whose fate, and that of her mother, he had vainly mourned for years. As little could he have conjectured that his ancient friend, Count Lindenkron, the courtier, would be the cause—hardly, we fear, the innocent cause, of making so interesting a discovery; for a certain feeling of revenge was still lurking in his heart, on account of the fright Evelina had thrown him into the day before. He had matured his design; and such was the happy sequel of it.

After the festivities of the day, the parties had withdrawn late in the evening into the Castle. While there, engaged in different amusing games and dances, Evelina was informed that a fine lady wished to speak with her in another apartment. She followed her informant's steps, and was conducted into the presence of the strange lady, who requested her to be seated near her. She was alone: she threw her arms round Evelina, and saluted her most warmly.—The fair girl shrunk back, intimidated, but was terrified at *being* clasped closer in the lady's arms than before. She shrieked out repeatedly; and, the next moment, Erick, the young forester, (and her reputed lover,) rushed into the room, and, observing the sleeves of a man's coat under the strange lady's gown, instantly knocked her down, and released the trembling Evelina.

No sooner had Erick performed this feat, than in hobbled a party of the skeleton regiment, and boldly took up a position, with a demonstration to seize upon the young forester. But the athletic champion warned them off, begging they "would not compel him to lay a heavy hand upon so respectable a body of veterans; for if they did not respect his person, he would shuffle them all together like a pack of cards, and throw them out of the window."

But the Count, now rising, joined their standard, and encouraged them to the attack; and, the old General rushing in at the same moment, a scene took place that beggars all description: Evelina fainting—Erick swearing—the Count without his wig, mopping and mowing like a monkey, in a lady's dress—and the veteran invalids shouldering their crutches, "showing how fields were not won." In the midst of all this hubbub, in burst another personage, a lady in deep mourning, exclaiming, "My daughter! where is my long-lost daughter?" She withdrew her veil, and the General started and uttered an exclamation of terror, as he gazed on her countenance. "*Adelaide! my own! my lost one! is it true?* Alas! I believed you had been long dead."

The lady seemed little less surprised. "False, treacherous Mowbray!" she cried, "false to your trust as a husband and a father;—how could you desert us? I, too, believed you had fallen in battle; and, had it not been for the excellent Pastor, who adopted my little Evelina as his child, we had never lived to reproach you."

"Alas!" returned the General, "you cannot reproach me so severely as my own conscience has done. Yet, believe me, I have again and again sought to discover you. I was even assured both you and my child were dead; but thus to meet is an over-payment for all our sufferings."

The General clasped to his bosom his weeping wife and daughter; the veterans were ordered to counter-march; the old Count slunk away to adjust his gown; and young Erick, taking Evelina's hand, sank upon his knees before the General, and entreated his blessing.

T. Rogers.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Two Years and a Half in the Navy;

Or Journal of a Cruise in the Mediterranean and Levant, on Board of the United States Frigate Constellation, in the years 1828, 1830, and 1831. By E. C. Wines. Two volumes. Published by Carey & Lea.

We have frequently regretted that our naval officers have not employed their leisure moments (and they have many on board a man of war) in recording their observations on life at sea, and describing for the benefit and amusement of the timid landsman, the various pleasures, pains, hopes, and fears, which by turns possess the mind of the generous sailor. They are certainly not in want of materials to form many an entertaining volume, and they are unquestionably amply qualified for the task of authorship, as they are, with few exceptions, well educated, and have had their minds enlarged and their views expanded by intercourse with the more polished portions of society. Such being the case, it is surprising that so few are ambitious of appearing before their fellow citizens as authors: still more so, when we consider, that a wide unoccupied field for their labours lies before them, and when the certainty of reward and unbounded success awaits every meritorious exertion of the kind.

Mr. Wines has set a noble example in his able production, which now lies before us—an example worthy of imitation, and which we hope to see speedily followed by the talented, brave, and intelligent officers of which our navy is generally composed. In this first literary effort of Mr. Wines, we think he has been completely successful; his work, throughout, displays the elegant scholar and the man of acute and correct observation.

His reflections on the life of a sailor, and his suggestions for the improvement of their condition, reflect credit upon the sagacity of his mind, and at the same time exhibit the possession of the most exalted feelings of benevolence. Mr. Wines gives a very interesting and graphic description of the Constellation, and delineates in so vivid a manner the motions of a man of war, when sailing in the majesty of her power over the bosom of the ocean, that we almost regretted having chosen terra firma as the place of our permanent abode. According to our author, the power of the commander is absolute, and the discipline of the most rigid character. He says—"Persons who have seen life only in civil communities, can have no idea of the perfection of military government.

"Every officer in the navy can say to every one below him, '*Go*, and he goeth,' and '*Do this*, and he doeth it.' There is no quibbling or higgling about the matter at all; his will and pleasure are in the place of all argument. Not only is the captain of a public vessel supreme, but every other officer is in some sense a despot; for when he gives an order to an inferior officer or seaman, it must be obeyed, though it contradict a previous order received from a superior. The officer who gives the last order, is, in that case, responsible for the disobedience of the first. I recollect a fact which serves to illustrate this principle. The first lieutenant of one of our ships had given orders to a tailor, not to do any work for the midshipmen without his permission, at the same time sending word to the midshipmen to that effect. One of them, who happened to be absent from the ship at the time, a few days after, wished to have some garment repaired, and ordered the tailor to do it. He refused. The midshipman insisted, and the worthy knight of the goose steadily persisted in his refusal. The spirited young officer reported him to the first lieutenant, who had him flogged for disobedience."

A curious specimen of the peculiar distribution of power, in the *government* of a man of war, once occurred on board of the Constellation. The captain wishing to alter the direction of the ship, went on deck, and ordered the quartermaster at the wheel to give her such a course. The officer of the deck, who was standing aft, observed it, and shortly after, while the captain was still near, stepping forward and glancing his eye at the compass, said: "Quarter-master, you have changed the ship's course." "Yes, sir," he replied, touching his hat. "If you ever do it again without my order, when I am officer of the deck, I'll break every bone in your body." The midshipmen of the Constellation were obliged to ask permission of the captain to go ashore. On one occasion, when all the officers above the third lieutenant, were absent from the ship, some of them applied to him go on shore. Permission was promptly given. When the captain returned, and learned who were ashore, he sent for Mr. ——, to inquire into the matter. "Sir," he replied, "I was at the time acting commander of the ship, and had both the power and the right to do as I did."

The happiness of a crew depends very much upon the disposition of the commander; his power being absolute, he can make them either happy and contented or dissatisfied and miserable, according to the exercise of a gentle and forbearing or capricious and tyrannical spirit. The life of a sailor is emphatically one of privation and hardship; his diet is course and rough, he is exposed to the violence of wind and wave, and in time of war he must risk the vengeance of the enemy; and added to all this, he is frequently far from his own domestic fire-side, and separated, sometimes for months and years, from the dearest objects of his affections. Certainly, then, it is the duty of a commander, as well as officers, to contribute as much as possible to the comforts and happiness of this generous class of men, by exercising towards them a spirit of forbearance and kindness.

With all the privations and dangers, and dull and monotonous as the life of a sailor appears to be, he still has his pleasures, and in the resources of his own ingenuity finds ways to pass his time pleasantly and cheerfully. "Nothing," says our author, "interested me more than the amusements of the sailors on the forecastle, after dark. Half the crew keep watch on deck during the night, and they contrive to keep themselves awake by a variety of diversions. There a party is collected, of which some half dozen are keeping time to the music of the violin; there an old tar is 'spinning yarns,' i. e. recounting real or fictitious adventures to a second company, whose occasional loud bursts of laughter mark what are considered the odd or witty parts of the story; while a little further on, a third group is listening to the strains uncouth, and artless perhaps, of some son of the ocean." In this manner they spend a large portion of their time, and continue to while away the tedious hours, by songs of merriment, and tales partaking of the marvellous and wonderful.

We could, if our space admitted of it, go on to make numerous extracts from these pleasing volumes, which could not fail to interest our readers; but we find that we already transcended our limits, and must therefore approach to a conclusion. Of the general merits of the work, we are prepared to give our most unqualified approbation; it is written in a style of classic elegance and purity, the narration is correct and interesting, the description vivid and picturesque, and the whole is enlivened and animated by numerous anecdotes of life, men, and manners. It is a work that will please all classes of readers, and we confidently predict for it an extended popularity.

We congratulate the author, on the success which must attend this, his first literary undertaking; and we hope it will not be long before we shall have the pleasure of hearing from him again.

A. C. D.

It has, indeed, been advanced by Addison, as one of the characteristics of a true critic, that he points out beauties rather than faults. But it is rather natural to a man of learning and genius, to apply himself chiefly to the study of writers who have more beauties than faults to be displayed: for the duty of criticism is neither to depreciate, nor dignify by partial representations, but to hold out the light of reason, whatever it may discover; and to promulgate the determinations of truth, whatever she shall dictate.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

I saw a Child some time ago
Stand by a river side,
And fling in bits of buoyant wood,
And joy as down the rolling flood,
He marked the rubbish glide.

I thought how like were some I've seen
To that said Child I spied,
Who fling their fleeting hours away,
At Taverns, Balls, or at the Play,
Or in vain show of Pride.

I saw a Bird some time ago
Perched on a leafy bough,
Plaining its gay and glittering throat,
With many a rainbow color dreat,
As beautiful I vow
As some fair maid in rich array,
And sending on her wedding day.
But while I gazed, with dog and gun,
A Fowler wandered by,
His falcon sight the songster viewed,
And quick the tube, with death indued,
Was lifted to his eye.

A fearful pause—a flash—and sped
The whizzing shot—the bird lay dead:
Ah, me! exclaimed I,
It little dreamed an hour agone—
Gay, glad, and basking in the sun—
What death it was to die.

And some rose then unto my view,
As like that lovely victim too,
Wouldst thou know, reader, why?
Look to thy heart—I here omit
The answer on its tablets writ—
'Twill meet its open eye.

OSCAR.

From the Casket for October.

THE CHOLERA.

BY L. E. L.

"We for affection! when love must look
On each face a lover with dread—
Kindred and friends, when a few brief hours
And the dearest may be dead."

"There's a curse on the blessed sun and air,
What will ye do for breath!
For breath, which was once a word for life,
Is now but a word for death."

L. E. L.

"A voice from the east—a voice from the west—from the four corners of the earth, a voice against mankind. A voice against the bridegroome and the bride—woe—woe—woe."

The sun was sinking, in all the glory of a southern clime, to his resilgent ocean bed, as a single horseman rode rapidly into the court yard of a small *auberge* at St. Germains, in the spring of 1832. Both himself and the beautiful animal he rode appeared travel-tired; but the fatigue had not apparently extended to his mind, for the glance of his eye was quick and bright, as he sprung from his horse, and the decided tones of his voice rung like a clarion with a silver sound, as he asked—

"Puis-je avoir une chaise de poste pour Paris, sur le champ?"

The *aubergiste*, a smart, saffron colored, scraping little Frenchman, bustled up, and after a dozen profound reverences, which were all unnoticed by the traveller, he replied—

"Sans doute, Monsieur peut l'avoir,—mais ne fera t'il pas mieux de passer la nuit ici? Nous avons les meilleurs lits, et!"——

"No," interrupted his guest,—"I must go forward instantly to Paris; oblige me therefore by ordering the chaise immediately."

"Mais," persisted his would be host,—"mais, Monsieur, ne sait'il pas que le cholera est à Paris. St. Marie nous preserve."

"Oui, le cholera est à Paris."

"Diable—le cholera," was instantly echoed by the group of hostlers, stable boys, and garçons des postes, in every varied tone of consternation and *deprecation*. A shade, like that of sudden pain, past over the stranger's noble features: but he answered rapidly—

"It is the more necessary that I should go forward immediately; therefore, either procure me what I desire, or let me go elsewhere in search of it."

"Eh bien," responded the disappointed *aubergiste*, with a most emphatic shrug, "jil faut que on soit comme cela,—mais il me semble que Monsieur à tort."

In a few minutes a most ramshackle, old *diligence*, dignified by the name of *une chaise de poste*, made its appearance, accompanied by a *garcon*, over whose head nearly twelve lustres had withered in their pride.

"Adieu, Monsieur mon hôte," said the traveller; "je laisserai ici mon cheval,—soignez le bien."

But his departure and the multitudinous genuflections of the landlord were here interrupted by the arrival of another horseman, who rode into the court-yard even more hurriedly than his predecessor, and called out—

"Hallo there, landlord, has a gentleman on horseback past this way on his road to Paris?"

"Whom do you seek?" asked the stranger hurriedly.

"Monsieur Auguste St. Franc," replied he.

"I am he; what is your business with me."

"Garre-re!" exclaimed the man, rolling the word off his tongue as if it were never to finish,—"but this is lucky. I have a letter for you, Chevalier."

"Grâce a Seigneur—it is out of my hands, for it comes from Paris."

The inmates of the inn crowded away from the pestilential letter, which Monsieur St. Franc was reading with much earnestness; it seemed to move him somewhat, for he walked to and fro with hurried and uneven steps. As an author has the privilege of an Asmodeus, we take the liberty of reading the letter over his shoulder.—It contained but a few lines, written in a light, delicate female hand—but that hand had evidently shook whilst it traced them, for some of the fair characters were tremblingly uneven. A tear too had fallen on the paper, and almost blurred the word "farewell."

"My beloved Auguste,—The consternation which reigns here on account of the eastern pestilence, has induced my aunt to leave Paris and go down to my cousin at Marseilles. I send you this by a trusty messenger, and it will, I hope, reach you long before you approach this infected city. Do not enter Paris, I beseech—nay, command you, in the power of my love; but proceed instantly to join us at Marseilles. My heart sinks when I think that I shall not see you here; but I would be of good cheer, for our meeting is but delayed, and we shall rejoin each other in that land of health and beauty, where sickness and sorrow shall separate us no more. Farewell, my Auguste.

"Cecile de Coulauges."

This letter was dated many days back, and enclosed in another from the *Maitre d'Hotel*, apologising for its delay; both were highly perfumed.

"Ungrateful that I am," thought St. Franc, as he perused the letter of his beloved and beautiful betrothed; "should I not rejoice that she is far from even the chance of danger—far from this foul demon's breath. Good angels guard thee, my beautiful—my own! Forgive me that I break the commands of thy pure-hearted love—not even for thee must I forget my duty." "A Paris—vite—vite," he exclaimed as he sprung into the chaise. "Mènez vite, et je vous payerai bien."

The duty which, to the noble and generous heart of St. Franc, was so imperative, was of a nature that would readily have startled one more timid or less philanthropic. When the awful Spirit of Death first swept the English coast with his desolating wing, St. Franc, who had been brought up a surgeon, and was accounted skilful, even when the most skilful were by, formed the bold design of going voluntarily into the midst of it, and by a close study of its causes and effects, endeavor to discover some clue by which its destructiveness might be arrested.—This design he had kept secret from all his friends, and, unaided and alone, had gone like a second Howard into the very sinks of infection, the fountain heads of disease and death. Perhaps his undaunted resolution and unswerving presence of mind had contributed to his safety, —perhaps that God, in the very spirit of whose law this noble deed was dared,—perhaps He had buckklered the intrepid philanthropist with his seven-fold shield; certain it is that St. Franc had never received the smallest injury from his dangerous pursuits. How far his hopes of having penetrated into the secret of this Eastern Sphinx were well founded, not being one of the learned, I shall not pretend to declare; but it was most undoubted that many a sufferer did the angelic benevolence of St. Franc relieve.—Many a forsaken death-bed did his presence cheer, and if all hope on earth was fled, his voice told of a brighter hope beyond it. At the first sound of the Destroyer's chariot-wheels in France, he had left his unfinished studies to be near his own nearest and dearest loved, and his journey had hitherto been performed in extreme uneasiness, concerning the safety of Madame de Coulauges, and her neice whom he had left residing in Paris. Now, that the date of the letter he had received assured him that ere now they must be safe in the beautiful and salubrious city of Marseilles, he forced away his thoughts to the engrossing object of his studies. His breast glowed as the idea that he might prove the preserver of his countrymen presented itself, and anxiously did he examine over and over the conclusions he had made. One point alone seemed undecided. Let me (thought he) but determine this one idiosyncrasy, and the result is sure.

The sunlight had changed to twilight, and twilight, always short in France, had changed to gloom, as he stopt to get fresh horses at Ville d'Avrée, a small romantic village but a few miles from Paris. This place was connected with many tender remembrances; here it was that he had first read of hope in the bright blushes of Cécile's cheek—here, after her gentle words had made 'assurance doubly sure,' they had wandered together, indulging in all the glorious dreams that youth and fancy picture—here too he had parted from her with a sadness that conscious virtue alone could soften—and here it was that he had playfully bid her meet him on his return. Willing to take a look at the well remembered spot, he bid the *postilion* drive slowly forward, and hastily crossed the fields to the small chapel of *Notre Dame*, which skirted the luxuriant wood, and was enclosed by that little stream on whose banks Cécile and he had loved and parted. Before he reached it, his reverie was broken by a low, sad strain of funeral music, and he perceived that the chapel was lit for an interment, and vespers were singing for the dead. The omen struck chill on the heart of St. Franc, but he shook it off, and hurriedly glanced through a window left open for air. The coffin was covered with a white satin pall, and flowers were strewed over it. Six young girls dress in white stood by it, holding consecrated tapers. Incense was burning in all parts of the aisle, and the voices of the choir as they sung the funeral dirge, were broken and fearful. The words may be rather freely translated thus:—

Fare-thee-well! we will not mourn
Over thy virgin bloom,
We will not weep that thou hast gone
To thine untimely tomb.

Thou wert one of Christ's own sheep,
And now thy head doth rest,
In quiet and unbroken sleep,
Upon the Shepherd's breast.

We mourn for those of all bereft,
Whom thou wert wont to bless:
We mourn for those whom thou hast left
In utter loneliness.

Oh, may we follow to the land
Where thou art gone before,
Where tears are dried by God's own hand
And sorrow is no more!

The dirge was ended—the aged priest, with whom St. Franc was well acquainted, came forward; his eyes were dim with tears, as he said—

"Elle etait jeune, jolie et bien aimé,—elle est ici, Sancta Maria pray for thy child."

Sick at heart, St. Franc turned away. At the corner of the chapel he met an old man, the door keeper of the chapel, of whom he asked—

"What was her name whom they are interring?"

"I do not know her name; but Holy Virgin preserve us! she was brought from Paris and died of the Cholera."

Again did Auguste shiver internally, and as he pursued his way his thoughts glanced to his own Cécile—perhaps the departed was as lovely and beloved as she; and he quickened his footsteps at the idea.

One more interruption he met on the way; it was in the person of a man whom long ago he had often employed to procure him subjects for dissection. He called to him now—

"Jacques, I want a subject which has recently died of the cholera—can you get me such a one from the hospitals?"

"No, Monsieur, I cannot; the orders are peremptory to bury them in quick lime as soon as dead."

"Think again—I will pay you high."

"Does it matter which it is?" asked Jacques, looking earnestly back to the chapel.

"Not at all."

"I shall try, sir," answered the man with a hideous grin, as if at some sudden recollection. "Are you at your old place?"

"Yes—the sooner the better."

"Yes, sir,—votre très humble serviteur, Monsieur."

"Bon soir."

It was past midnight—the busy hum of the city was stilled; yet a light still burned in the back apartments (*aire quartrieme*) of a house in the Rue St. Honoré. There St. Franc was keeping vigil, and the chamber had another tenant. On a table in a small room, partly partitioned off, lay the unburied dead. So tempting had been his offer, that but a few hours had elapsed before the required subject had been brought him. And there it lay, enveloped in a coarse white cloth, —the remains of what once had been a thinking, breathing creature. Although well accustomed to such scenes, St. Franc felt an indefinable awe when the body had been brought, which prevented his even rising to ascertain that it had really died from the required cause. He had been accustomed to trust the man's word, who was too well paid to deceive him, and he gave the money in silence. And now he struggled with himself, to conquer the mysterious dread which chained his mind. He strove to remember that he was on the eve of success,—that this last experiment, however loathsome, would perhaps crown his labors with the blessings of his rescued fellow creatures. He started up, and walked towards his motionless companion; one of the arms had fallen from the sheet which so rudely wrapt it, and as St. Franc touched the clay cold hand, he started to see that its delicate symmetry and snowy whiteness might have shamed the sculptured Parian marble.

"A woman too!—oh God! I thank thee that *she* is far from this city of Death. This weakness shames me—am I so little willing to do the work of mercy?"

In despite of this self-reproach, he hailed a light tap at the door as a great relief, and dropped again the cloth he was just about to remove. A cheerful voice said—

"Ah! St. Franc—welcome again to France. I heard that you were here, from the hotel where I am myself but just arrived. Well, my fine fellow, how is it with you?"

"Well, De Valence, well—but I must not invite you in till I tell you that I am not alone, though companionless." He pointed to the body.

"Bon Dieu! what, are you so soon at the cutting up work again? I confess you are fonder of it than I am; but it matters nothing to me—I am used to these things."

"But," said St. Franc emphatically, "*it* died of the Cholera."

There was an evident alarm shown on the gay features of De Valence, yet perhaps he felt unwilling to show it in opposition to the firm courage of St. Franc, for he came in, though more slowly, and taking up a *snuggrite*, continued snuffing and speaking.

"Then you have not relinquished your Quixote plan of tracing the causes of cholera. *Parbi*, I would sooner find the source of the Nile."

"The one has been done, De Valence; why should not the other?—Are you come to help me?"

"Si Dieu ne plaise," replied he hastily; "and now do, mon ami, be persuaded to leave this silent gentleman to himself for to-night, and come to Frescati's with me. You need not fear leaving your rooms under his charge—no dread of his telling tales out of school."

St. Franc shook his head—"No, De Valence, this is alike my post of duty and inclination."

De Valence dropt his vinaigrette, and ran to embrace Auguste. "St. Franc, my generous, my incomparable friend—que le bon Dieu te benira, tu es, homme unique de ton sort, tu es—but," said he, suddenly interrupting himself and releasing St. Franc, "I quite forgot to ask you concerning la belle Cécile. Oh! *coquin*, you have all the luck—you are l'enfant chéri des dames. I hear she is prodigiously beautiful, indeed an angel,—faites moi la grace de m'introduire."

St. Franc could not help smiling at the sudden freaks of his volatile friend; but they were now grown irksome—the gnawing, but indescribable awe, with which he remembered the dead body, was strengthening momently, and he longed to be alone with that silent mockery of life that lay so stilly there. Something of this he intimated to De Valence, who shrugged his shoulders and muttered a variety of words, wholly unintelligible, except from the gestures that accompanied them; but just as he was departing, he took the fancy to look at the sulky gentleman, as he called it, and holding his *mouchoir brode* close to his mouth, approached the inner table and pulled aside the cloth. St. Franc turned away—he could not brook to look upon the awful dead in the presence of De Valence. But even the Frenchman's loquacity was checked by the sight of what lay there; he gazed in silence for a moment, then turned away and burst into tears.

"Oh God! that any thing so lovely should be made to die. Farewell, St. Franc; I envy you not your task. To save the whole world from perishing, I could not sear that unsullied skin." He went rapidly down the stairs, and by the time he had reached the porte cochère, St. Franc heard him singing—

"Allons—enfans de la gloire
Marchons a victoire
Allons—enfans de la Patrie—Le jour de gloire est arrive."

So oppressive were the feelings that now labored in his breast, that he could not help envying for a moment the light hearted versatility of his friend; but he was steadfastly resolved to be overcome by them no more, and instantly began to prepare his forceps, and all the horrid paraphernalia of dissection. It seemed to him that the infection so long dared with impunity, was now running riot in his veins, and if the idea brought a sigh, it failed to shake his constancy. He prepared parchment, indelible ink, and a fumigator in which to plunge his observations, if death should interrupt his pursuit; and then kneeling down by the side of the marble slab, he fervently commended his soul to mercy. The name of Cecile faltered on his lips—it was the last they ever spoke.

In the meantime De Valence, who in spite of his volatility was really kind hearted, and moreover enthusiastically attached to St. Franc, wended his way along the solitary streets, surprised to find that even his often repeated chorus of—

Marchons—Citizens,
C'est la gloria que nous conduise—
C'est La Fayette en chevant blanc,—

did not dispel his uncomfortable feelings.—Passing by the hotel of L'Abbe Rosillon, one of St. Franc's intimate friends, and the guardian of his intended bride, he was surprised to observe it still open.

"That graceless St. Franc is so full of his Cholera diablerie that he has never told of his friends of his arrival—I will for him." And accordingly he entered and found the porter sitting as in deep grief.

"Où est ton maitre bon Renault?"

"Il n'est pas chez lui Cheralier! il est allé á Ville D'Avr-e," mournfully responded bon Renault.

"Mon Dieu c'est etonnante!" soliloquized De Valence. "I think this Cholera turns people's wits as well as kills their bodies. N'importe, I will go in and wait for him—and, worthy friend, send me in some càn sacré sur le champ."

Singing and sipping, De Valence sat some time; at last the mercury of his composition rose again, and, fidgetting about in all directions, he perceived a picture, whose face was turned to the wall. "Ah ha! this is some chère amie of the Abbe's—what a sly old dog he is!" He staggered as if struck by a blow when he beheld the features of the picture. "That face again—oh, its chiselled beauty—its deathly paleness will haunt me till I die." A voice announced the arrival of the Abbe, who was supported in by two priests, and who seemed sunk in the deepest affliction.

"Sainte Mere de Dieu! what is the matter with you, Monsieur l'Abbé? I came to tell you that Auguste St. Franc is in Paris."

"Oh, pour malheureux!" cried the old man, "he is come to the house of mourning. Cécile, my beloved ward—his betrothed bride—is dead, and I am just returned from the burial at Ville D'Avr-e."

"Dead!"

"She died this morning—her last effort was to write to him that she was gone to Marseilles, in order that the shock might be less sudden, and that he might not enter this infected city.—Her last sigh was breathed for him—her last wish to be buried where she parted with him."

"In the name of Heaven, what died she of?"

"The cholera!—and that picture," gasped he, "is hers—is—alas! was Cecile."

"Then it is so, and *that—that was her!* Come—come with me—there is more than life, there is madness in the idea. Come—oh come!"

He seized the terrified old man, and dragged him through the streets. When they reached the Rue St. Honoré, a lurid light was still visible in the upper apartments, contrasting with the breaking day beams—too apt a resemblance of the scene it lighted. De Valence dragged the Abbe up the stairs, his own heart beating as if it would suffocate him. He struck the door and called St. Franc—there was no answer. Without waiting another moment he applied his foot and burst it in. All within that awful chamber was still as the forgotten grave.

"Hush," exclaimed the Abbe—"See he sleeps on yonder slab; but in the name of the Most High, *who* lays beside him?"

Upon that stony couch the lovers lay, wrapt in the eternal sleep of death. The head of the disinterred dead lay on the breast of her lover, and her dark hair swept round him, as if to chain him by her side; his arms enveloped her in the stiffened grasp of death. One of them was bare, and a wound in the artery round which a livid areola was blackening, plainly told that madness had aided the work of infection.

* * * * *

"Let us pray for the souls of the departed!" exclaimed the venerable Abbe, reeling forward and falling at the foot of the marble bier. De Valence raised him—his limbs were writhing in convulsion, his features worked fearfully in the mortal agony, then settled forever in death. De Valence laid the third victim to the Demon of the East, by the lovers' side, and went forth from that scene for ever after "a sadder and a wiser man."

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

"——Unheeded pass not by
The bravery of woman; trust we good Sir Knight,
It bears as good record in olden deeds
Of chivalry, and even beams as glorious
As woman's love!"—Drake.

It is delightful to record instances of glory in which the most lovely objects of the creation have distinguished themselves, so as to render them equal to the much, though unjustly, vaunted superiority of man. Confessing, however, that woman appears in the most beautiful, because delicate, light, in her domestic character; still we are pleased at finding her, occasionally, emerging from those tender duties, to assert her rights to the rewards of heroism. We have, therefore, the agreeable task of mingling with our sketches of woman in her more subdued character, a record of woman's valour, nothing less than the institution of a *female order of Knighthood!* which was created by Don Raymond, the last Earl of Barcelona, (who by a marriage with Petronilla, only daughter and heiress of Romino, the monk king, united that principality to the kingdom of Arragon,) who, in the year 1149, gained the city of Tortosa from the Moors.

In the course of the ensuing winter, however, the Moors, having recruited their army, laid seige again to the place; for a length of time the inhabitants bore the siege firmly, and with the utmost and uncompromising bravery, but having suffered extreme privations, they applied to Don Raymond for relief; the latter, however, having experienced very ill success himself, was unable to succour the city, when, every hope having vanished, it was proposed to yield it to the Moors. Upon hearing this cowardly project, the females of the city instantly offered themselves to defend the place, and having attired themselves in the habits of their husbands and brothers, they made a resolute sally upon the Moors, and with such heroism that they compelled their enemies to raise the seige, and returned triumphant to the city! So resolutely did they fight that the Moors fled in dismay, and made no further attempt upon Tortosa.

Raymond was delighted by the report of the bravery of those intrepid females, and entering the city for the express purpose, he rewarded them by the grant of several privileges and immunities. Moreover, to perpetuate their memory, he instituted an order of Knighthood, somewhat resembling a military order, into which none but those brave ladies who had succeeded in preserving the city were admitted. The badge of the order resembled a friar's capouche, of a crimson colour, and sharp at the top; it was worn upon the head-dress. He also ordained that at all public meetings the women should have the precedence of the men; that they should be exempt from all taxes, and that all the apparel and jewels left by their husbands (whatever might be the value of them,) should be lawfully their own. These privileges, with many others, they long enjoyed, and were universally honored and esteemed.

At the present eventful period, we have also a bright example of the heroism of woman, and in one of the noblest causes, too, that has ever inspired the sympathy of human nature. The poor Poles were assisted in their brave attempts to redeem themselves from Russian thraldom, by their females, and the name of Plater, the lady who led the female troops, will descend to posterity, associated with the record of the noble, though unsuccessful, struggle of the Poles.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RESTING PLACE.

How dreary and how dark it seems
To the, 'mid winter's gloom,
And have no cheerful sunny beams
To warm thy lonely tomb.
And cold and dark the sleeping scene,
In icy fetters bound,
With not one spot of glowing green
Upon the frozen ground.

But as the olden year decays,
And autumn leaves are brown;
When Nature's dying, as the days,
I could lay me calmly down.
I would rest in some fair sunniness,
Where winter winds would sweep
Around the silent loneliness
Of my eternal sleep.

There should the sun his dying light
Throw softly on my bed,
And sorrowing doves should, in their flight,
Pour music o'er my head.
Then larks should sing their morning songs
Their anthems to their God,
And Heaven's own smile should linger long
Above the lonely sod.

Theophilus Chilesharp.

CHARLES CARROLL.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born on the twentieth of September, 1737, at Annapolis, in the state of Maryland. He descended from a highly respectable Irish family, who had emigrated to

He was never an office-seeker, nor ever from caution or timidity flinched from any honest responsibility, in the darkest hour of the republic.

In the year 1801, he quitted public life, as far as such a man could do so. He had now reached his grand climacteric, and was wishing and desirous that younger men should take the field of politics, hardly dreaming that he was to enjoy another age of man, in the fulness of intellectual vigour. These last thirty years of life have passed away in serenity and happiness, almost unparalleled in the history of man. He has enjoyed, as it were, an Indian summer of existence, a tranquil and lovely period, when the leaves of the forest are richly variegated, but not yet scarred; when the parent-bird and the spring nestling are of the same flock, and move on equal wing; when the day of increase and the day of the necessity of provisions are gone; when the fruits of the earth are abundant, and the lakes of the woods are so smooth and joyous as if reflecting the bowers of Eden. Such an Indian summer has this patriot enjoyed; his life has been thrice, yea, four times blessed; blessed in his birth and education, in his health, in his basket, and in his store: blessed in his numerous and honourable progeny, which extend to several generations; blessed in the protracted measure of his days, in which have been crowded, the events of many centuries; and blessed in the wonderful prosperity of his country, whose population has since his birth increased from nine hundred thousand souls to more than twelve millions, enjoying the blessings of freemen. It is, perhaps, from the fact, that the world think it quite enough for one mortal that he should be virtuous, prosperous, and enjoy a green old age, that an analysis, of his intellectual powers, or a description of his rare attainments, has seldom been attempted; but talents and attainments he had, that made him one of the most successful of the businessmen of the momentous period in which he lived; a period when that which the head conceived the hand was ready to execute. There were too few at that time, and those too zealous, to make the proper division of labour. The senator armed for the field, and the soldier met with the Conscript Fathers.

Mr. Carroll was an orator. His eloquence was of the smooth, gentle, satisfactory kind, delighting all and convincing many. It is not pretended that, like John Adams, he came down upon his hearers as with the thunderblast from Sinai, raising the tables of independence on high, and threatening in his wrath to break them if they were not received by the people; nor that, like Dickenson, he exhausted rhetoric and metaphysics to gain his end, and was for ever striving to be heard; but Carroll came to his subject well informed, thoroughly imbued with its spirit, and with happy conceptions and graceful delivery, and with chaste and delicate language, he, without violence, conquered the understandings, and led captive the senses of his hearers. All was natural, yet sweet and polished as education could make it. He never seemed fatigued with his labors, nor faint with his exertions. His blood and judgment were so well commingled, that his highest efforts were as easy and natural as if he had been engaged in the course of ordinary duties. This happy faculty still continues with the patriarch, for his conversation has now that elegant vivacity and delicacy that characterized the sage Nestor of elder times, whose words fell like vernal snows, as he spake to the people.

His serenity, and in no small degree, perhaps, his longevity, may be owing to the permanency of his principles. In early life he founded his political creed on the rights of man, and reposing his faith in the religion of his fathers, he has felt none of those vacillations and changes so common in times of political or religious agitations. It were good for the nation that he should long continue amongst us, for in his presence all party feuds are hushed; and the demagogue, accustomed to vociferate elsewhere, in his vanity to be heard, talks not above his breath when the aged patriot is near. In a republic, where titles are not known, we ought to make a peerage of talents, virtues, patriotism, and age, that every youth may learn to admire, respect, and imitate the wise and good. With all our wishes and our prayers for his stay here on earth, the patriarch must soon be gathered to his fathers, and his name be given to the historian and the poet. The bard shall then strike his harp and sing, "in strains nor light nor melancholy," but with admiration, touched with religious hope,

"Full of years and honours, through the gate
Of painless slumber he retired.
And as a river pure
Meets in its course a subterranean void,
Then dips his silver head, again to rise,
And rising glides through fields and meadows new;
So hath Odons in those happy climes,
Where neither gloom nor sorrow shades the mind;
Where joys ne'er fade, nor the soul's power decay;
But youth and spring, eternal bloom."

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Extent of the British Dominions.—The sun never sets on the British dominions. Before the evening ray leaves the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone for three hours on Port Jackson; and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens on the Ganges.

Extraordinary Courage.—A gentleman thus addresses the editor of an English paper:—"On the night of the 23d, while on my road to Dacca, I made my Budgerow fast on a bank a little below Jellergunge, and was awoke about one o'clock in the morning by the cries of my dandies that a tiger had jumped on board and seized on one of the crew. I started up, and saw the tiger leaping from the boat with one of the crew in his mouth, making off for the jungles; at the same moment my sirdar bearer, with great presence of mind, seized a large hog spear which happened to be in the boat, and jumped after the beast, and speared him through the side, which caused him to drop the poor fellow, who ran for the boat with all possible speed, and the rest of the crew, with their sticks and bamboos, despatched the animal. The man, I am happy to say, received little injury, having been caught by his clothes. The tiger was a male of tolerable size."

Making Love in America.—Previous to marriage there appears to be more jealousy than after. When two candidates declare themselves for one lady, and are allowed to pay their visits—(which, however, never extend beyond the inner court, when the solicited lady turns her back, and the lover talks to the mother)—each watches the motions of the other, but by stealth, for each proceeding is considered ill bred. To be correct, one lover should enter while the other is urging his suit, unconscious of his intrusion. Both affect great surprise at the appearance of a rival; and the daggers, which they carry on the left arm, are instantly unsheathed. Sometimes, after a parley, one of them declares his affection goes not so far as to fight for his mistress; in which case, the bolder gallant turns him quickly out of the court. It oftener happens that they both fight desperately for a few minutes, and the victor of course wins the day and the lady.—*Denham and Clapperton's Discoveries in Africa.*

Ancient Treasures.—It was reported from Chili, as is stated by a Buenos Ayrean paper, that the jewels of the Temple of the Sun, (which at the time of the conquest the natives concealed from the Spaniards,) had been lately discovered near the Cerro de Pasco. Their value has been calculated at $180,000,000.

Perseverance.—"I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "in Queen's county, to have seen a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session of justices at the court house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed, that he did so *to make it easy for himself*, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon, and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable, and kind hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence; he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on that very bench that he sawed and planed."

Human Strength.—One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, which you have yourself seen and admired, is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. The experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice, under the directions of an officer in the American navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe as nearly as possible the method which he prescribed. The bravest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they find in supporting him. When he is placed in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal, he himself and the four fibers began to draw a long and full breath; and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions I have observed, that when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left as it were behind. As you have repeatedly seen this experiment, and have performed this part both of the lead and of the bearer, you can testify how remarkable the effects appear to all parties, and how complete is the conviction, either that the load has been lightened, or the bearer strengthened by the prescribed process. At Venice the experiment was performed in a much more imposing manner. The heaviest man in the party was raised and sustained upon the points of the fore-fingers of six persons. Major H. declared that the experiment would not succeed if the person lifted were placed upon a board. He conceived it necessary that the bearers should communicate directly with the body to be raised. I have not had an opportunity of making any experiments relative to these curious facts; but whether the general effect is an illusion, or the result of known or of new principles, the subject merits a careful investigation.—*Sir D. Brewst r.*

The Theatre at Drury Lane, London, will accommodate 3700 persons—the boxes will hold 1250, the pit 800, the lower gallery 440, and the upper gallery 980 persons; so that a "full money house" will amount to £475,10—or in dollars, American currency, $1710. This is a much larger amount than any of the theatres in the United States will hold.

The Drayman and the Soldier.—A few days ago, a drayman was brutally lashing one of his horses. A Life Guardsman entered. "Am't you ashamed," said he, "to lash the animal? You have no right to whip in that manner." "Why, that's true," replied the fellow, "for the beast ain't paid a shilling a day to be whipped as you are." The Life Guardsman walked on.—*London paper.*

One Michael Boai is astonishing the lovers of music in London, by performing airs with exquisite effect by striking his knuckles against his chin. The papers call it an unconcerable performance, and there appears to be much appropriateness in the term.

It is stated that Paganini refused three hundred guineas offered to him for two nights performance at Vauxhall Gardens, thinking himself entitled to five. He had thought of coming to America, but gave it up, ascertaining that he would lose several weeks on the voyage. He values his time at a hundred guineas a day; and had therefore better remain where he can get it.

A Golden Rule.—Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find him strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost him any thing. He who has is should draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the ragged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best master to serve, industry or idleness.

A poor man in Salisbury, on being asked what he should be the better for the Reform Bill being passed, said, "They tell I that it will rain legs of mutton ready roasted, but I don't believe 'em."

A Youthful Poet's Love.—It will scarcely be believed, that, at so early an age, I should have been an admirer of the other sex. It is nevertheless, strictly true. Indeed, I have liked the women a great deal better than the men ever since I remember. But that summer, when only eight years of age, I was sent out to a height called Broad-heads, with a rosy-cheeked maiden, to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But, as she had no dog and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shed-like head; and, after dinner, I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, "Poor little laddie! he's just fared to death!" and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought, if I were he, I would know well what to do.—*Hogg's Autobiography.*

Death Watch.—The insect called the death-watch was formerly thought to sound an alarm of death to some inmate of the mansion where it was heard, though it would have required a perpetual cholera to have fulfilled half the number of its predictions. Now, it is known to proceed from a little wood-boring insect, whose skull is somewhat hard, and who uses it for the purpose of a signal to others. Standing on its hind legs, it beats regularly on the board a number of times—a process, which, comparing its force with the size of the insect, one would think more likely to be fatal to itself than to those who hear it."

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday.—Capture of a Shark.—Peter Osborn, a veteran sailor, belonging to the Bold Commander of Egg Harbour, had the honor of an audience with the Mayor this morning. Peter, like most others who "follow the water," is quiet, orderly and obedient enough, when on ship-board, but place him once on terra firma, and he is instantly as untractable as a lion. This is an alteration effected not so much by the will, as the force of circumstances. On board the Bold Commander, he ranks only as third lieutenant, and has, consequently, above him, three whose word to him is law. When ashore, these restrictions are removed; he turns hero, fancies himself commander of the world, and obliges all to obey his orders.

Peter last night stepped into a grog shop to wet his whistle. The liquor was good, and he asked for more; but was refused it, until he paid for the first. This enraged the sailor, as it implanted both his honesty and the depth of his pocket. He grew impatient, abused the landlord, and was turned out of the house. Used to hardships, and up to roguery, he was in again, however, at a side window, before the front door was bolted. The landlord then called the watch, and the tar was made prisoner.

On the way to the watchhouse, Peter insisted, that as the watch was commodore, it was his duty to take the lead. The officer willing to humor the whim, advanced a pace or two, and for a space they both marched peaceably. When but a short distance from the prison, Osborn, watching his opportunity, gave the officer a blow on the back of his head, and ran. The watch had strength enough left to spare his rattle, and the sailor was speedily taken. He was fined for intoxication, but having no money, volunteered to answer the amount in work.

Monday.—Night Scenes.—William Taylor, a thin spare lad of nineteen, was arrested last evening, at his boarding house, in Leiuin court, for creating a riot, and committing an assault and battery on his fellow lodger. It appeared that Taylor, who is, under ordinary circumstances, a decided pest to his neighbors, went to bed at his usual hour, as usual intoxicated. The man in bed with him had fallen into a comfortable dose, whom Taylor seized with his teeth, and pulled, and scratched, and tore, until the man feared his life was in danger. Before he could get assistance, he was much incensed. Taylor was committed.

Retaliation.—McCormick had in custody a black fellow named Isadore Joseph, on a charge of riot and assault. Thomas Pusey, a black fellow of the same age, deposed that as he was walking to church last evening, with a lady tucked under his arm, he was assaulted by a gang of niggers, of whom Isadore appeared to be the chief, and threatened with a flogging. He took the lady into the meeting house, and stepped out again to see how the matter was to be settled. The same gang commenced abusing and pelting him with stones, and he at length went for a watchman to get him out of the difficulty.

The prisoner, in reply, plead guilty to the general indictment, but took issue on the ground of alleged provocation. He declared Pusey to be a bad fellow—a fact well known before—and that he had himself hired a gang of black fellows, and treated them with rum, to thrash a fellow against whom he had a grudge. The attack on Pusey last evening was intended as a chastisement for this previous outrage.

Both plaintiff and defendant were committed.

Reform.—Other prisoners to the number of about twenty were brought up this morning, charged generally with intoxication. The prevalence of this vice in our city seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. Every philanthropist should lend a hand to destroy the hydra-headed monster, *Rum*.

Tuesday.—A Sensible Wife.—James McMullin was brought up by a watchman, into whose hands he had been committed last evening, under an alleged charge of drunkenness and abuse.

Mrs. McMullin, wife of the prisoner, a tidy and industrious looking woman, appeared as complainant. She stated that her husband was generally a well behaved man, and a kind and attentive husband. He worked hard through the week, and excepting when he was enticed into a grog shop, was as decent a man as could be met with in a day's walk. Unfortunately, however, there were several grog shops in the neighborhood, the open doors of which could not, on all occasions, be passed by her husband without his stopping to drink. The lady bitterly deprecated the multiplicity of these drunkard manufactories, and ascribed to them all the evil and inconvenience which she and her family suffered. Last evening, she said, her husband had been "treated" by some pot companions, and his weak head soon turned with the liquor; when he came home and abused her. Fined.

John Brooks, an apprentice, indented to Mr. Applegate, was complained of by his master, for various delinquencies, and committed to prison.

Mistakes of a Night.—All men are more or less liable to mistakes. The causes of this fading are various, and to a philosophic mind they open a wide field of inquiry and research. Mistakes of judgment are those into which frail human nature is most frequently led, and the results of which are not unfrequently insufferably ridiculous.

Lawrence Dandy, a resident of the good town of Manayunk, and like that place, of mushroom growth, arrived in the city late last evening, to attend some important business on the following day. The streets were generally deserted when Dandy got into the market, and to his mind every thing seemed to be unusually dull and heavy.

"Bothnation to these glimmerings," said he, "how it troubles a man to find his way among so many houses. Why don't they light the city up? Why don't they burn better *ile*, and trim the *wick*? The rascals, they *lacks* and *tacks*, and spend all the money in beer. Talking of beer reminds me that I'm hungry—here goes for a *sumadun*."

Thereupon Dandy bursted into a watch-box which happened to be just before him, and falling immediately into the arms of the astonished watchman, called loudly for a bowl of soup, and a plate of oysters!

"Mister, you're in the wrong box; this aint no oyster cellar."

"No apologies, landlord—don't mind me—come, cook up your dishes in less than no time—I'm dry.

It required many strong arguments to convince Dandy that he was wrong. The house he insisted was an oyster cellar above ground; it had a lamp to light people, and a smoke hole to stow oysters, and go he would not until he got his full. He was taken to the watchhouse, and this morning brought before the Mayor, and fined for intoxication. The shelling out of the money brought him to his senses.

Penitence.—Abraham Denn, a crazy black fellow, whose grimaces and contortions of countenance are the terror of half the children in town, was detected last night in the act of calling the hour, a privilege of which the watchmen are fiendishly jealous. He had no excuse to offer, but throwing himself on his knees, begged "Master Mayor to give him clear, just this once, and he'd never do so again." He was admonished and discharged.

A Good Haul.—The police of the city have been for some time back trying to discover the rendezvous and depot of a band of robbers, who had been prowling about the city, and committing depredations at every turn, for months past, and on Monday night last, they succeeded in discovering a number of the gang in Pine alley, in the lower part of the city, and immediately arrested them. Their names were, Thomas Richards, *alias* Rutherdson, Thomas Downs, *alias* Baker, Chas. Rogers, *alias* John Morris, *alias* John Smith, John Morrison, *alias* John Oakleson. Upwards of $100 worth of stolen clothes were found in their possession. They were brought before the Mayor, and after a hearing, fully committed for trial at the next Mayor's court, for larceny.

Evening Post.

Saturday, Sept. 29th.

Terms of this paper $2 per annum, in advance—Six months' Subscription $1 25—No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, nor discontinued while any arrearages are unpaid, unless at the option of the publisher.

We understand that the Commissioners of the Kensington District have come to the determination of introducing the Delaware river water into their district. A model of a reservoir, executed by Messrs. Jacob and Clement Keen, and Row Keith, was adopted by them. This model we conceive to be of a novel and interesting character, inasmuch as it combines economy with strength, and durability fully sufficient for the purposes required. The commissioners have ordered the model to be deposited at the house of Thomas Quintin, corner of Manderson street and the Frankford Road for the inspection of the citizens.

Communication.—The ravages of the Cholera amongst us having subsided, the dispensation from the law of abstinence is withdrawn. The faithful of this diocese are therefore bound henceforward to abstain from the use of flesh meat on Fridays and Saturdays, and on all other days prescribed by the general laws of the Catholic Church.

Given at Philadelphia, this 22d day of September, 1832.

†FRANCIS PATRICK,
Bp. Arath. & Coaj. Phil.

At a stated meeting of the "Franklin Literary Circle," held at the Hall of the Harmony Fire Company, on Tuesday evening, the 25th instant, the following members were duly elected officers for the ensuing three months:—

President—Charles Eginton.
Vice President—Thomas Phipps.
Secretary—William Barbe.
Treasurer—William B. Chapman.
Committee for the "Literary Department."

Charles Eginton,	Lewis M. Troutman,
Justus E. Moore,	Robert Beresford, jr.

Care and caution in diet, although the Cholera has very near left us, are still highly necessary, as a few cases occur every week from want of proper precaution. Mr. Quesnet—long a respectable dancing master of this city, and residing in Filbert above Twelfth street—attended church on Sunday, was taken with Cholera at night, and died on Monday afternoon. We understand he had eaten freely of cantelopes, and had not attended to the premonitory symptoms.

The Cincinnati Gazette of the 13th inst. says:—"The premium offered by Mr. Caldwell, manager of the Cincinnati Theatre, for the best essay vindicating the character of the Theatre, and giving a history of its origin and influence, has been awarded to Mr. Jewett, a young gentleman, an alumni of Cambridge College, and now a student of law of this city. There were seven competitors, and it is proper to say that when the decision was made, neither Mr. Caldwell nor the individuals to whom it was submitted, had any knowledge of the author."

Library of the late Zaccheus Collins.—The Trustees of the Loganian Library, have purchased, with praiseworthy liberality, the excellent private library of the late Zaccheus Collins, Esquire, consisting of about 2000 volumes of well selected and rare books, principally on Natural History. It includes some of the most valuable books in that department of science, as well as many others in the Belles Lettres, Voyages and Travels, &c. &c., with several rare editions of the Bible, and a large collection of pamphlets. There is no public or private collection in this country, to compare with it in the various departments of Natural History, embracing as it does most of the names of authors celebrated as authorities on those topics. This addition fills a niche in the Library in which it may be said to have been deficient, and reflects additional credit on the institution of which every Philadelphian is justly proud. It will be kept together as a memorial of the research of its collector, who could not have left a memento of his learning behind him which would have transmitted his name to posterity with more honour and credit.

Peter Van Schaack died at Kinderhook, N. York, on the 17th September, upwards of 85 years of age—an accurate and learned lawyer of the old school. He was educated in New York before the Revolutionary War, and was the fellow student or companion of John Jay, Egbert Benson, Chancellor Livingston, Richard Harrison, and the other venerable and excellent civilians of a past age. He attended the Courts of Westminster Hall in the early part of life, and witnessed the displays of genius, learning and eloquence of Lord Mansfield, and other illustrious sages of the English Law. He was distinguished for classical scholarship, for purity and elegance of taste, and for profound knowledge of the English common law. It may be said of him, with perfect truth, that he was the model of a lawyer, a scholar, and a gentleman. For more than twenty years he was afflicted with total blindness, and lived in retirement at his seat in Kinderhook, imparting legal instructions to a few pupils, and supporting himself under his severe privation, in unabated cheerfulness, upon the resources of a memory enriched with ancient and modern literature, and thoroughly familiar with the sublimity and beauty of Milton and "*the blind Mæonides.*"

Force of Example.—A militia officer of Massachusetts, on appearing before his regiment to receive his commission and subscribe to the usual oath of office, willingly swore to support the constitution of his own commonwealth; but when he arrived at that part of the obligation which imposed upon him the necessity of supporting the constitution of the United States, he demurred, and desired to add, "according as I understand the same."

An Election Tache.—A large number of freemen of the borough of Berwick-upon-Tweed lived in London, and previous to an election in 1768, were put on board two vessels to be conveyed by water to Berwick to give their votes for a member of Parliament; Mr. Taylor an opposition candidate hearing of it, covenanted the commander of this election cargo *ice* the sum of 400*l.* to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly done, and Mr. Taylor gained his election without any further expense. [History of the Boroughs of Great Britain.

The Georgia Journal contains a long answer from Judge Clayton to a request for his "sentiments in regard to Nullification." The *Judge* boasts, and emits in the face, that Georgia has four times committed the act of Nullification. His political morality and his loyalty to the Union are unequivocally proclaimed in the following passage of the answer.

"The fourth case, sir, as it may appear, is actually going on, almost unnoticed, at the present time, and though silently, yet as certainly as the other three. I allude to the survey and occupation of the Cherokee nation. Thousands who are now decrying the term nullification, are perfectly willing that it should not be arrested in the case referred to and perhaps like the threat in your third resolution, would vote against any man who should be opposed to its success. The late Legislature authorized a survey and disposition of this whole country, and I understand the survey is made, the commissioners are convened, preparation is making for the lottery, the drawing is to commence in October next, and in all probability the possession of the lands will pass from the Indians before the close of the year. Now what becomes of the treaties that have guaranteed this very territory to its present inhabitants? The constitution of the United States declares all treaties to be the supreme law of the land, any thing in the constitution and laws of the States to the contrary notwithstanding. The violation of a treaty often involves a nation in war, and but for the weakness of this nation, such might have been the consequences of this proceeding on the part of Georgia.

New York Convention.—The democratic delegates from the several counties of New York met at Herkimer, on Wednesday last, and nominated William L. Marcy, one of the senators in congress, for governor, and John Tracy of Chenango county for lieutenant governor. Mr. Marcy received 113 out of 116 votes, and Mr. Tracy a unanimous vote. Previous to the balloting, a communication was received from Governor Throop, declining to be a candidate, and a member of the convention stated that he was authorised by Lieut. Governor Livingston to withdraw his name as a candidate either for governor or lieutenant governor.

The New York Journal of Commerce publishes a letter dated Aug. 4th, from the Rev. William Torrey, a citizen of the United States, now pastor of a church and teacher of a school in Buenos Ayres, who has been imprisoned in that place for uniting a Protestant in marriage with a Catholic. The bridegroom, the bride and her mother, together with the witnesses of the ceremony, were seized and thrown into prison at the same time. They were all taken before the ecclesiastical court, where a fine of $1,000 each was imposed on Mr. Torrey and the husband, of $500 on each of the witnesses, and the bride and her mother were sentenced to imprisonment in the house of correction for a month, to be employed in devotional exercises. The right of marrying protestants to catholics, with the consent of the parents, was previously supposed to be allowed by the government. Mr. T. had claimed the protection of Mr. Bayles, who was resolved to interfere whenever the opportunity should be offered.

Insensatity.—As an instance of the evil resulting from a ridiculous dread of the Cholera, we have the following. Capt. Chauncey Smith, aged 61 years, a respectable citizen of West Haven, died of Cholera on board his vessel, in the Connecticut river. He was attended only by his son, who called loudly and frequently for assistance, which was denied him. The father was left to perish in a cold, damp cabin, within a few miles of his home, and within the reach of charity, inhumanly withheld. It was with difficulty that the bereaved and friendless son could procure help to bury his father on the shore, the authorities of the town having forbidden the body a place in the burying ground.—*Boston Traveller.*

Novel Expedient.—A story is related of an eccentric member of our Legislature, who was greatly addicted to drowsiness, especially when any discussion was going on. To remedy this, he resorted to the singular expedient of having his queue twisted so tight behind that it drew the skin back from his forehead, and thus enabled him to keep his eyes open, while his ears were sucking in the stores of wisdom that fell from the lips of his fellow legislators.—*New Bedford Gazette.*

Extract of a letter, dated
"*Fort Crawford, August 31st*, 1832.

"General Black Hawk, with his lieutenant, the Prophet, was brought in here a prisoner by the Winnebagoes several days since. He was taken high up on the Ouiscousin. They say he does not look like a great man: I think he does look like a great man, struggling with adversity; and I pity him. Every thing is quiet here. Nothing has been heard of the cholera for some time. Our mail contractors will not let us have a mail so long as they can avoid it."

Health of New York.—"We have great pleasure," says the New York Journal of Commerce, "in stating that the number of deaths in this city during the past week, was only *two hundred and thirty-eight*, of which by Cholera only *seventy-two*. Showing a decrease of 53 in the whole number of deaths, as compared with the returns of the previous week, and of 56 in the deaths by Cholera. This result is even more favorable than we had anticipated. We now feel that the disease is so far extinct among us, that to vary one's course on account of it, as respect to business, would argue more of weakness than prudence—more of timidity than a due regard to the preservation of life.

	Deaths.		Cholera.
Week ending July 7	191	-	56
do. do. 14	510	-	336
do. do. 21	897	-	716
do. do. 28	679	-	606
do. Aug. 4	590	-	393
do. do. 11	467	-	281
do. do. 18	414	-	228
do. do. 25	391	-	178
do. Sept. 1	324	-	136
do. do. 8	355	-	201
do. do. 15	291	-	139
do. do. 22	238	-	72
Total since 1st July	5657	-	3397

Great Characters.—Don Miguel, "the present King de facto" of Portugal will be 30 years old on the 26th of October next. The present Queen of Portugal was *fourteen years old*, on the 4th day of April last. Don Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, father of the Queen, and at present Regent, will be 34 on the 12th of October next. The united ages of these three sovereigns, therefore, amount only to 78 years. Our late "Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid," was about the age of Don Pedro, when he presented his celebrated address to King Ferdinand. *Apropos*:—We notice by the Courier of yesterday, that the Ex-Minister has furnished the Editors of that paper with an authentic copy of the address to which we refer. After informing the King of his appointment, he says:—"I venture to hope that your Majesty will receive me with the same kindness which you have always shown to my predecessors. *Without possessing equal personal claims to your indulgence*, I shall at least endeavour to merit it by discharging the duties of my office, as far as may be, in a manner agreeable to your Majesty."—*Boston Com. Gaz.*

We learn that Mrs. Sally Parker of Westbrook, was yesterday burned to death. She was reaching for a cupboard over the fireplace, when her clothes took fire, and instantly enveloped her in flames. There were only two little children in the house, who ran out of doors for assistance. They met another little girl, her own daughter, about twelve years of age, who on going into the house, saw her mother in the room, screaming, and covered with fire. This girl ran off for help, but there was none near. This happened in the morning at 6 o'clock. At 10 she expired in the most excruciating agonies, literally burnt all over, and presenting a most horrible spectacle.—*Portland Daily Advertiser.*

New system of Punctuation.—At a dinner table, a short time since, one of those nondescripts called a dandy, was seated at the top, and a honest plain dealing farmer at the bottom. During dinner time, a great many affectedly polite speeches were made by the top, and a great many coarse ones by the farmer. When cheese was introduced, the dandy in an affectedly inviting tone, asked the company whether they preferred the *pure or impure?* On asking the farmer the question, the old man replied—"Hang your *pure* or *impure*, give me some of the *nasty*." "Sir," says the dandy, "I must beg leave to tell you that you have made many very insolent speeches during dinner; and sir, if I hear any repetition of your insolence, I shall place my thumb and finger on each side of your nose, and make a parentheses of it." "A *parentheseis!* shall you?" says the old man; "then I shall put my fist in your face, and make a *full stop!*"

A letter from Paris, under date of August 8, says—"The aspect now all over Europe is more warlike. The allied powers, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Holland, was, perhaps seek, only the opportunity to assume distinctly a belligerent attitude towards France. A very slight pretext will lead to a declaration of hostilities. Indeed it is impossible that one million of men in arms, can remain long in a state of quiet; and such a force is now maintained by the powers of Europe. Inaction is as unsuited to their habits as to their inclination: and it is by no means the prevalent disposition of their governments to restrain any propensities of this sort. France seems to stand alone against this formidable alliance. The power of England, to any material extent, is paralysed by internal difficulty and disquiet. France, however, is prepared at all points. She has 400,000 regulars, and as many national guards, ready for the field—with a people by no means unwilling to encounter the hazards and the anticipated glory of a contest, unsought on their part, but into which they are nothing loth to enter. The king hopes for peace; but it is in my judgment a vain hope, unless the daily indications are deceptive."

From Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN DANGER.

It was chiefly owing to a publication by the Board of Health of New York, that a nation became generally prevalent last summer, that the use of *Malt Liquors* was prejudicial as a beverage during the existence of Epidemic Cholera, and mainly by reason of the proclaimed opinions of one or two misguided Physicians of the same city, that brandy and other ardent spirits were substituted in a more extensive, and it is feared exceedingly pernicious degree. Myself ardently friendly to the efforts which have been made to promote temperance, I was induced to believe that the introduction of beer, ale and porter, would supercede the vast quantity of ardent spirits universally consumed, and thereby the deplorable habit of drunkenness, with its melancholy train of evils would be corrected, and perhaps ultimately be abolished. The prescription therefore, of malt drinks was noticed with great regret, and has led to inquiries on the subject, which have yielded the following facts:—

1st. That the decrease of the sales of the brewers in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., during the period of the prevalence of Cholera, was at least *seventy-five per cent.*

2d. That in public inns, steamboats, &c., and at private tables, brandy has become the general substitute.

3d. That those who drank ardent spirits were the subjects and victims of Cholera.

The next point to ascertain was, whether those who drank malt liquors had been therefore liable to the Epidemic:—

Extensive investigations were made in our cities and elsewhere, and the most conclusive evidence has been furnished, that those who drank ale, &c., were remarkably exempt from that disease—not an instance of death from Cholera has occurred among the great number of persons employed at the Breweries in the United States, as far as information has been received. Amongst a multitude of facts, showing, to say the least of it, the harmlessness of malt liquors, let the following extract of a letter from a gentleman of great respectability in Poughkeepsie, where the Cholera raged in a frightful manner, bear testimony:—

"There are thirty or forty English families residing in this village and vicinity, all of whom have for many years been accustomed to the use of malt liquors, as their common beverage, using it instead of tea and coffee, and during the great mortality in this place not one of them have been attacked."

The conclusions from the foregoing statements are irresistible.

1st. That malt liquors are by no means prejudicial when Cholera prevails, but on the contrary their use has proved beneficial.

2d. That by authentic information derived from the history of the disease, wherever it has prevailed, those who indulged in ardent spirits, were swept off in a most awfully striking manner to the grave. And lastly, that the effort to prevent the use of malt liquors has induced thousands of persons to resort to the intoxicating *alcoholic drinks*, their attachment to which may prove unconquerable and fatal.

Though myself a water drinker, and in no respect whatever connected by interest or otherwise with the manufacturers of malt and hops, I am extremely anxious in a moral point of view, that the delusion which has gone abroad, may be dissipated, and that just sentiments may influence the public mind for the correction of this capital error.

The friends of temperance, whether connected with Societies or not, should, in my humble judgment, be roused to diligence on this subject, and employ their influence to counteract on impression, which must otherwise lead to the most deplorable results.

BENEZET.

Latest from Smyrna.—Newspapers from Smyrna to July 1st, give the particulars, at length, of the capture of Acre. It appears that the resistance was very firm, and the combat prolonged and bloody. The Egyptians lost 512 killed, and 1429 wounded, partly caused by the explosion of mines and a magazine. The Turks had about 700 killed. The Ottoman fleet, consisting of 57 ships of war and nearly an equal number of transports, had recently been partly at Scio, and partly at Mitilene, and had proceeded, it was said, for Candia.

Suspension bridges are becoming numerous in France. In the valley of the Rhone alone, within an extent of about sixty miles below Lyons, there are bridges at Arles, Vienne, Serrieres, Andance, Tournon, Valence, Bourg St. Andeol, Beaucaire and Fourques. The bridge of Beaucaire, which is 700 feet long, is remarkable for its beautiful porticoes. That of Tournon is the oldest and dates from 1824. On the river Loire there are four or five; the principal are at Cone and Andresieux. On the Saone we find chain bridges at Lyons, at the Isle Barbe, and at Belleville. The bridge at Brie-sur-Marne, near Paris, is remarkable for its opening of 300 feet. Eight are thrown over the Ain within the space of eight leagues.

Terrific Storm.—A most terrific storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and hail, took place at Kingston, Jamaica, the latter end of July, that was ever witnessed in any climate. In a few moments the streets were inundated, the rain resembling a cataract, and descending with the most perpendicular precision and violence. In his majesty's dock-yard, the Wolf of 102 guns, was literally split through the middle—the props on which she was supported having yielded to the influence of the wind. At Brockville the large establishment of Mr. Billa Flint was consumed by fire, whether electric or otherwise we have not learned. At the flourishing village of Napanee, the storm raged dreadfully, and hail stones measuring two inches in circumference fell in extraordinary profusion. A barn belonging to Mr. Gardiner, in Ernesttown, was literally cut in two by lightning.

Natural Wonders.—It is very surprising, that two of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, are within the United States, and yet scarcely known to the best informed of geographers and naturalists. The one is a beautiful water-fall in Franklin county, Georgia; the other a stupendous precipice in Pendleton district, South Carolina; they are both faintly mentioned in the late edition of Morse's geography; but not as they merit. The Tuccoa Falls is much higher than the falls of Niagara. The column of water is propelled beautifully over a perpendicular rock, and when the stream is full, it passes down without being broken. All the primative effect seen at Niagara, illustrates the spray of Tuccoa. The Table Mountain in Pendleton district, South Carolina, is an awful precipice of 900 feet. Many persons reside within five, seven, or ten miles of this grand spectacle, who have never had curiosity or taste enough to visit it. It is now, however, occasionally visited by curious travellers, and sometimes by men of science. Very few persons who have once cast a glimpse in the almost boundless abyss, can again exercise sufficient fortitude to approach the margin of the chasm. Almost every one, in looking over, involuntarily falls to the ground, senseless, nerveless, and helpless; and would inevitably be precipitated and dashed to atoms, were it not for measures of caution and security, that have always been deemed indispensable to the safe indulgence of the visitor or spectator. Every one on proceeding to the spot whence it is usual to gaze over the wonderful deep, has in his imagination, a limitation, graduated by a reference to instances with which his eye has been familiar. But in a moment, eternity as it were, is presented to his astonished senses; and he is instantly overwhelmed. His system is no longer subject to his volition or his reason, and he falls like a mass of mere matter. He then revives, and in a wild delirium surveys a scene, which, for a while, he is unable to define by description or imagination.

How strange it is that the Tuccoa Fall and Table Mountain, are not more familiar to Americans! Either of them would distinguish a State or an Empire in Europe.—*U. S. Telegraph.*

Montreal Riot.—We learn from the Montreal Gazette of the 15th, that, in defiance of the presentment of the Grand Jury, and of the discharge by proclamation of the parties for the same offence, Lieut. Col. Macintosh and Capt. Temple have been arrested on a warrant signed by Joseph Roy, Esq., J. P., charging them with the *murder* of the three victims of the riot of the 21st May. They were immediately brought up under a writ of Habeas Corpus, before the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Pyke; and Mr. O'Sullivan, on the part of the Crown, having taken communication of their petition for a discharge, gave it as his opinion, that the prayer of the petition ought to be granted, inasmuch as the crime now imputed to them was the same from which they had been discharged by the Grand Jury, after an ample and laborious investigation. After that acquittal, he deemed it presumptuous in the highest extreme in any magistrate to institute such further proceedings as were then under notice. The Judges said they would take the application into consideration, and give their opinion forthw

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ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, Sept. 29, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"STANZAS TO ——," by T., will be published. Two Notes from "O. G." are filed for early insertion.

"ANDREWS" is inadmissible.

The article signed "L. M. H." we shall publish with pleasure. Other favors from the same source will be welcome.

The Enigma in our last have been answered by several correspondents.

The request related by "J." we shall publish, probably next week.

We insert no conundrums, enigmas, &c., unless accompanied by the solutions.

"NATIVE SCRIBBLER" is rejected.

Poetry puns have no merit except that of originality. Unskilful hands should never meddle with edge tools.

THE GENIUS OF ART.—A New York paper mentions that Dr. Scudder of that city, whose success in the manufacture of artificial human eyes, is proverbial, has been no less successful in making an artificial Ear. It is thus noticed:—A mould of a real ear is made of Plaster of Paris, in which is cast an artificial one of fine Gum Elastic or India Rubber, which by expansion to the size becomes of the proper consistency. The ear is fastened on by a spring passing over the head under the hair, and the place of juncture is not easily seen, particularly if the wearer be blessed with a goodly pair of whiskers. The artificial ear is then colored to suit the complexion of the wearer, and is of the same consistency as the real ear. On the whole, it is a very ingenious affair, and no one but Dr. Scudder would ever have thought of such a thing. Gentlemen who have been 'crapped' or gouged, can now have both auricular cavities installed, by applying to the Doctor, who as we fully believe, will now undertake to build an artificial nose. The case we mention of the artificial ear, is the first Dr. S. has fitted.

WEBSTER'S SPEECH.—We issue with this paper, to a portion of our subscribers, a supplement sheet containing Webster's able and eloquent speech on General Jackson's Veto Message, delivered in the Senate of the United States. We have been unable to print a sufficient number to supply all our patrons, but those who are neglected to-day, may depend upon receiving the extra with our next paper. The speech we commend to the serious attention of all—of whatever political principles—as a sound exposition of constitutional doctrine, and as a document the principles of which are thoroughly orthodox, patriotic, and American.

Mr. Webster's speech we desire to place on record, inasmuch as we believe the doctrines it contains are emphatically constitutional doctrines, in contradistinction to those advanced in the Veto message. The false reasonings and sophistries of that paper, though they may for a time mislead partizans, can not stand the scrutiny of time and examination. Posterity will stamp them as the popular heresies of the age.

We expect not to touch upon this matter again, and we wish in taking leave of the subject to state that we regard the question—purely one of national policy—as involving the well being and prosperity of every American citizen. If the bank be prostrated every one will feel its pernicious consequences—the farmer, the mechanic, the storekeeper, the manufacturer, the shop or less than the employer, will sustain loss and depression, the amount of which cannot be told. The certain depreciation of paper currency, and the general stagnation of business, which must necessarily follow, will produce a scene of misery and wretchedness, to which nothing in the history of our country can afford a parallel.

The arguments in Mr. Webster's speech, are clear, full and conclusive. We ask that they may be carefully read, and deliberately weighed, and conviction of their truth must follow.

FASHION.—Miss Hale, in the last number of her excellent magazine, devotes a page to a notice of the absurdities of fashion, and to the arbitrary law which requires Americans to follow every European edict of true and nonsense, however ridiculous and absurd. We are pleased to see this matter noticed by this talented Lady Editor. It is difficult for gentlemen to touch upon this subject without giving offence, but we know this way is opened by a lady, the prospect seems clear.

Miss Hale advocates the introduction of an American National Costume, without reference to foreign caprice, and the formation of an American Society of Ladies to give rise to, and control the decrees of fashion. She, herself, by way of example, proposes the adoption of the following laws:—

1st. No lady shall wear more than seven distinct colors at the same time—that being enough to form a rainbow.

2d. No lady shall wear colored or clouded stockings with a white dress.

3d. No married lady shall appear in a pink bonnet. We would like to extend this prohibition to all ladies over fourteen.)

4th. No lady, who hopes to be married, shall wear the heel of her gown above her ancles.

To which we, with all humility, beg leave to add:—

5th. That no lady shall appear at the Theatre, or Musical Fund, with a bonnet of any sort or description.

FIRE.—Between eight and nine o'clock on Monday morning, flames were discovered bursting from the drug and chemical store occupied by Mr. George W. Carpenter, in Market, next door to the north-east corner of 4th street. The alarm was instantly given, and our fire companies were promptly on the spot. On account of the combustible materials in the building, the fire was not extinguished until considerable damage was sustained. The adjoining buildings are uninjured.

As an instance of the extraordinary activity of Philadelphia firemen, we mention as a fact which came under our personal observation, that the Globe engine company, located about two miles from this fire, was on the spot in less than twenty minutes from the sounding of the first stroke of the State House bell. If Globe firemen claim to be considered salamanders, ours, with as fine horses, are entitled to the appellation of Ethan runners.

APPROPRIATION TO FIRE COMPANIES.—At a meeting of the City Councils, on Monday morning, Mr. Fritz, chairman of the committee on fire companies, made a report, showing in what manner they had distributed the sum of seven thousand dollars, appropriated by the city to the fire companies. The following is the list:

Engine Companies.	*Presidents.*	
1. Assistance,	John Gyner,	$215
2. Columbia,	Daniel Knight,	215
3. Delaware,	T. Sharpless,	215
4. Diligent,	Samuel Fox,	292 50
5. Good Will,	Adam Eckfeldt,	215
6. Hand in Hand,	Charles J. Jack,	215
7. Harmony,	W. R. Maxfield,	215
8. Pennsylvania,	Caleb Cope,	292 50
9. Philadelphia,	Samel Mason, Jr.	292 50
10. Hibernia,	James McDonald,	215
11. Reliance,	Anthony Neill,	215
12. Vigilant,	George W. Tryon,	215
13. Washington,	Thomas Stokely,	215
Hose Companies.	*Presidents.*	
1. America,	Wm. Jackson,	$282
2. Columbia,	Adam Dialogue,	282
3. Fame,	James Edwards,	282
4. Good Intent,	Wm. Abbott,	282
5. Hope,	Alex. Henry, Jr.	282
6. Neptune,	Nathaniel Mercer,	282
7. Perseverance,	Henry Ritter,	282
8. Philadelphia,	John P. Wetherill,	282
9. Phœnix,	R. H. Johnson,	292 50
10. Resolution,	C. Sheaffer, Jr.	282
11. Robert Morris,	James Glasgow,	282
12. Southwark,	Henry Caren,	282
13. Washington,	Charles J. Boudier,	282
Total,		$7000 00

The following sensible remarks were submitted, in connexion with the report:—

"The committee, on their late visit to inspect the apparatus of the different Engine and Hose Companies, observed with great gratification their excellence and efficiency, and the beautiful order in which they all appear to be maintained; reflecting great credit upon the worthy and public spirited citizens who compose them. The committee deem it important also to report, that there are attached to the different companies within the corporate limits, 1146 active and 500 honorary members, upon whose exertions our fellow citizens may confidently rely for protection at all times from the ravages of the destructive element. Your committee regret to state, that several of the companies are considerably in debt, contracted in the purchase of a suitable building for their respective apparatus, and that a number are entirely unprovided with a permanent location. When men give so much of their time and money to the public as the firemen of the city of Philadelphia do, without the slightest advantage or recompense, your committee are decidedly of opinion, that they should not be obliged to bear this additional and very heavy expense; and that there should be provided at the public cost, suitable places of location for their apparatus. Your committee deem this subject worthy the early attention and action of the next councils, and recommend the same to them."

The above suggestions are worthy the intelligence of the respectable gentlemen who make them. The inconvenience which firemen sustain, and their heavy sacrifices of time and money, none but firemen know. Upon an average the current expenses of each company amount to $100 per annum. To meet this, the appropriation from the city, as will be seen by reference to the above statement, is not sufficient by more than one-third. The balance, as well as the expense of new hose, procuring lots, erecting buildings, &c., is generally raised from the pockets of firemen. Some measure should, in justice to the valuable services of firemen, be adopted to relieve them of *all expense*. A large majority of those who belong to fire companies, are not the holders of real estate, and consequently they have no direct interest in sustaining the fire department; and yet their activity and industry in this philanthropic duty, are matters of constant praise and admiration.

We trust the remarks of the Committee will have their due influence, in the speedy adoption of some measure to obtain the proposed ends.

THEATRICAL.

Mr. E. Forrest—our great national Tragedian—as he is termed by the play-bills—commenced an engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, on Monday evening, in the character of Spartacus, in Dr. Bird's excellent play of *the Gladiator*, and was warmly received by a house crowded in every part. He played with his usual success. Scott, as Pharsalus, was deservedly applauded. The American Tragedy of the Gladiator—certainly one of the best ever produced—seems well calculated to continue successful. It has been played in several of our prominent cities, and acquired in each high popularity. The talented author has another in the hands of Mr. Forrest, which will shortly be produced. If equal to *the Gladiator*, we may safely anticipate that it will be received with no less favor.

Mr. Hackett appeared on Tuesday evening, as Nimrod Wildfire, in the Lion of the West, and kept a full house in a continual roar. He appeared in fine spirits, and played with even more animation than usual. Hackett is about proceeding to Europe, to give our British friends a sample of Kentucky manners. His Solomon Swap and Wildfire, will no doubt amuse, but they will scarcely remove the unfavorable impressions which Mrs. Trollope's caricatures of American society, may have created in the minds of the English.

Mr. Stone's Tragedy of Metamora, was produced on Wednesday evening, with Mr. Forrest as King Philip. Miss Crampton, from the West, a girl of eleven, made her debut before a Philadelphia audience, on Thursday, in six characters in the farce of the Actress of all Work. Mr. C. Kean, and Mrs. Knight, the vocalist, are announced as under engagement at this house.

Sinclair was rewarded on Monday evening, at the Chesnut Street Theatre, with an overflowing house for his benefit. In return, he and Madame Feron gave a number of capital songs, such as, we fear we shall not soon hear again. The Scotch drama of Cramond Brig, formed a part of the entertainments, in which Mr. Maywood played a principal character. This gentleman as Scotch characters, stands unrivalled by any actor in this country.

Miss Vincent, appeared on Wednesday evening in Clari, and the Lady of Munster. Her style of acting is much improved since her last appearance in this city. Gabriel Ravel, the most wonderful of the wonderfuls of that family, took a benefit on Thursday evening, and appeared in the character of Jocko. His personation of the Monkey tribe, is strikingly accurate.

Mr. and Miss Kemble, will probably appear at the Chesnut on the course of the coming week. Their engagement at New York has proved productive of high gratification to the New Yorkers, and their arrival here is awaited with anxiety.

Miss Kemble personated Lady Teazle, at the Park Theatre on Friday evening last. "To our mind," says the New York American, "the mixture of the half bred country girl and new fine lady, was nearly perfect. Her affected town manners, her wriggling her person, and swinging her head to and fro, was, like all other affectation, vulgar; but it was a vulgarity incident to her character, and such as one may see any day in Broadway and among those who consider themselves as refined and elegant. Her cajolingness with Sir Peter, again, where she stroked his chin with her fan, might be considered too broad; but at the worst it was but hoydenish; while in the screen scene, and indeed in every other where Lady Teazle speaks from the "native promptings of her heart," there was an air of dignity, of real refinement about Miss Kemble, most lady-like and captivating: the desk of conviction that shone through this manner in the closing scene, when Lady Sneerwell wished long life to Sir Peter, was irresistible. But even if there is a doubt as to her just conception of Lady Teazle's character, it must be confessed that she played most bewitchingly."

GIRARD COLLEGE.—Councils will meet on Monday morning, to elect nine Trustees, three Auditors, and a Treasurer, for the new Girard College. On Monday last a nomination of candidates for these offices, was entered into. For Trustees ninety gentlemen, eighteen of whom were members of councils, were named; for Auditors twenty-six, and for Treasurer eleven.

THE SCHUYLKILL PASSAGE.—The splendid steamboat, North America, Captain Benson, left New York on Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, and reached Albany at eighteen minutes past 4, having performed the trip in *nine hours and eighteen minutes*, including all detentions—being the shortest passage on record.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TREATISE ON THE CHOLERA.—We have received from Hartford, a handsomely printed work, the title of which is—"A Treatise on Epidemic Cholera, including a historical account of its origin and progress to the present time—by A. Brigham, M.D."

The work professes to be a compilation from the most authentic reports, treatises, lectures and essays, on cholera, which have been issued since the first appearance of the disease, about fifteen years since. The author, a medical gentlemen of talent and research, has bestowed considerable labour in a careful and analytical arrangement of his subject, and has evidently been governed by a desire to furnish a correct picture of this extraordinary enemy of the human race. His notice embraces a history of the cholera previous and subsequent to 1817; history of the symptoms as observed in Europe, Asia, and America; treatment in the several countries which it has afflicted; causes and means of prevention; a dissertation on the doctrine of contagion; the influence of fear in aggravating its ravages, &c.

Of the merits of this work, as an assistant to the medical practitioner, not being ourselves physicians, we are of course unable to judge. We may, however, remark, that upon so important a subject as the cholera, every effort to enlighten the public mind, is valuable, if only as a means of eliciting the opinions and observations of others. New doctrines, whether of medicine or science, it is true, should be received with caution; but it is only by the application of the test of practical experience, that their value can be proved.

Dr. Brigham's work is for sale by Messrs. Carey & Hart, of this city.

NORTH AMERICAN GAZETTEER.—We have before us a large octavo of 900 pages, entitled, "*A New Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of North America and the West Indies*," compiled by Bishop Davenport, and published by Messrs. George McDowell and Son of Baltimore, and Messrs. Hutchens and Shepard of Providence. The general contents are noticed in the title as follows:—1. A general description of North America. 2. A general description of the United States; the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States. 3. A description of all the states, counties, cities, towns, villages, forts, seas, harbours, capes, rivers, lakes, canals, rail-roads, mountains, &c., connected with North America, with the extent, boundaries, and natural productions of each state; with the population according to the census of 1830. Containing likewise many tables relating to the commerce, population, revenue, debt, and various institutions of the United States, compiled from the most recent and authentic sources.

The author has succeeded in making a volume of much interest—he appears to have bestowed the utmost industry in arranging and digesting his materials, and as he has exercised great care in the selection of geographical facts, the work may be relied upon as authentic. The mass of information thus presented to the reader will be of great service in affording a bird's eye view of our country. The work is not in the bookstores—it may be obtained at this office.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S WORKS.—The Messrs. Harpers, of New York, have done the reading public much service, by commencing the publication of Miss Edgeworth's tales and novels, in a neat and uniform edition. The first of the series is now published, and the others will follow rapidly. The whole will be completed in nine volumes. Miss Edgeworth's productions are so well appreciated by the reading community, that it seems scarcely necessary to commend them to public attention; no authoress has labored more zealously or more successfully in promoting the cause of morality, and certainly none has obtained a more enviable reputation.

Miss Edgeworth's works may be read for the twentieth time with renewed attention. There is a chasteness, an animation, an interest in her writings, which never cloy the appetite, or leave the mind unsatisfied. In the cause of Education she has done much. Many of her writings have direct reference to the education and bringing up of children, and none who have paid attention to her judicious remarks, will deny that they have been of incalculable service.

The volume before us embraces two volumes of 330 pages each, small octavo. The series is designed to include all the author's works excepting those designed for the amusement of very young persons. The first volume contains Castle Rackrent, an Essay on Irish Bulls, an Essay on the science of Justification, and several moral Tales.

The work is for sale at the book store of Messrs. French & Perkins, Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

The Heidenmauer, or the Benedictines. By the author of the Spy, Pioneer, &c., &c. 2 vols. Published by Carey and Lea.

The above work has just issued from the press of Carey and Lea of this city, and is from the pen of our popular novelist, Cooper. The scene is laid in Germany, a fatal in which the spirit of mysticism exerted its full sway at the period of time at which our author has placed the existence of the persons and the actions of those who figure in his novel. The habits, manners, and customs of the people of Germany—the power of the wealthy burghers—and the resistance which, at the time in which our novel is placed, was manifesting itself against the usurpations of Rome, and the increasing influence of Luther, who was proclaiming his doctrines with a fearless and intrepid spirit, are depicted in the usual nervous style of Cooper, and with all that picturesqueness of description which have distinguished his former productions.

We fully agree with the opinion of the editor of the London Literary Gazette, who says, it "is a spirited picture of those feudal times in Germany, when the burghers were beginning to feel rather than know their influence, when the usurpations of Rome began to tremble, to their fall, and the doctrines of Luther first to awaken the minds of men."

It contains many useful passages and interesting descriptions, and will afford amusement and entertainment to a numerous class of readers.

Mr. Tanner has prepared, for the inspection of the curious, a copy of his large map of the United States, which he has just published, exhibiting every important town which has been visited by the Cholera. It affords a view, not only of the entire infected districts, but also the various localities where it has prevailed, each distinctly colored. The Map will be exhibited for a few days at the store, No. 144 Chesnut street.

The Messrs. Harpers, of New York, have just published, in two volumes, the *Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man*, consisting chiefly of essays, criticisms, and tales, which have appeared in the New York Mirror. The author is Mr. Fay, one of the editors of the Mirror.

Our desk contains a number of other new works of interest, a notice of which we are obliged to defer until our next.

CHOLERA INTELLIGENCE.

In Baltimore, on Monday, four new cases—white 2, colored 2. Cases of the disease continue to occur in Frederick, Hagerstown, Cambridge and Snowhill, and their vicinities, principally among the blacks.

In Washington, on Monday, 4 new cases, 2 deaths in the hospitals; no report of private practice. In Alexandria, on Monday, 3 cases, 1 death.

In Richmond, Saturday, 4 deaths from Cholera. The Whig says: "The Cholera has broken out in the Penitentiary with great malignity; 4 cases occurred last night and this morning among the convicts, all of which are expected to terminate fatally."

Providence, R. I. on Saturday, one new case.

In Albany, last week, two deaths by Cholera.

In Richmond, the Board of Health reported for the 48 hours ending on Monday, 51 cases and 11 deaths. The Whig says: "The report for the last 48 hours shows a decided increase. Confined heretofore to negroes almost entirely, the cholera begins to embrace whites. Mr. Hardie, a respectable shoemaker, and his wife, both died on Saturday night, and others are mentioned."—The Charlestown (Jefferson Co.) Free Press, of the 20th, says: "After our last paper was put to press, a case of cholera occurred in town, which proved fatal. The subject was an intemperate old woman, who had formerly been in the poorhouse, and who by her habits frequently brought on common cholera. Since Thursday last no case bearing the slightest resemblance to cholera has occurred, and the town is unusually healthy."

There were six deaths reported by the cholera at Baltimore on Tuesday last. Sixteen new cases were reported at Richmond on the 24th inst. Several very respectable citizens had fallen victims to the disease.

The Horticultural Society opened the Masonic Hall on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, to display their choice collection of fruits and flowers. The exhibition was truly elegant, both as regards the number and varieties of the articles, and the order in which they were arranged. The Hall was visited by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who professed themselves much gratified with the rarieties exhibited.

It is impossible for us to name all the delicacies which in rich profusion covered the tables of the Hall, and spread a fragrant perfume through the rooms, or to mention the names of the gentlemen in whose gardens the rarieties were raised. It is sufficient to state that there were native figs, grapes, oranges, lemons, peaches, nectarines, pears, apples, plums, egg-plants, beets, mangel-wurzel, love-apples, sago, and numerous other productions of nature, all developing a high degree of perfection in agricultural labours, and presenting a rich reward to the enterprising members of the Society. Exhibitions of this sort are productive of much good to the public, by creating among gardeners, in the growth of fruits and vegetables, a praise-worthy spirit of rivalry.

A terrible accident occurred in Liverpool on the 10th of Aug. by which a Mrs. Kearsley and her daughter were killed. A wine merchant of respectability, named *Bigsnaiden*, was hoisting an empty rum puncheon into an upper loft; just as it was landed in the fourth story, and as he thought secure, it slipped from the slings, fell, and crushed to the pavement the mother and daughter. The son was instantly killed—the other survived but a few hours. The wine merchant was instantly arraigned on a charge of manslaughter, and though no negligence was imputed and certainly no malice presumed, he was convicted, and sentenced as the most lenient punishment to *one month's imprisonment in the Castle.*

The anti-Jackson Delegates, of the first Congressional district, have put JAMES GOWEN, Esq. in nomination as candidate for Congress, making the third candidate in the field. Mr. Gowen has accepted the nomination.

The Anti-Jackson Conferees of the city and county have nominated our worthy and esteemed fellow-citizen BENJAMIN DUNCAN, as a candidate for the office of sheriff. The same party have nominated David Paul for county commissioner, John Dickinson for coroner, and Jesse Y. Carter for auditor.

The following is the ticket agreed upon by the delegates of the Jackson party in the city.

For Congress.—Benjamin W. Richards, Henry Horn.
For Assembly.—Captain John Steele, Samuel Davis, Charles H. Keck, J. A. Phillips, Paul S. Brown, A. E. Dougherty, Thomas S. Smith.
For Select Council.—Thomas M. Pettit, W. J. Duane, Roberts Vaux, Robert Taylor.
Isaac Wainwright, for the unexpired time of Charles Johnson, Esq. resigned.
For Common Council.—James Page, John M. Hood, John Patterson, Lewis Ryan, John Moss, Peter Fritz, James Fearon, Joseph Murray, Daniel Oldenburg, John Horn, William E. Lehman, John T. Sullivan, William J. Leiper, Michael Baker, Henry L. Coryell, George Fox, Paul L. Lagnerenne, Thomas C. Mayberry, George W. Tryon, T. W. L. Freeman.

The anti-Jackson delegates have put the following gentlemen in nomination:—

For Congress.—Horace Binney, James Harper.
For Assembly.—Abraham Miller, William T. Smith, Joseph C. Clarkson, William H. Keating, George W. Toland, Benjamin Say, Thomas F. Leaming.
For Select Council.—John Price Wetherill, Manuel Eyre, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Lawrence Lewis.
Dennis M'Credy, in place of Charles Johnson, resigned.
For Common Council.—Henry Troth, Robert M'Mullin, Samuel V. Merrick, John J. Bore, Ephraim Haines, John Maitland, Henry Sailor, Samuel P. Wetherill, Joseph R. Chandler, Isaac Elliott, James Gowen, Thomas W. Morris, Dr. R. M. Huston, John Byerly, Joseph Akon, David Lapsley, Jr., Joseph B. South, Robert Toland, Benjamin H. Yarnall, John Gilder.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

A serious accident happened at the Lazaretto on Sunday last, about 1 o'clock. A young gentleman of this city, named Humphreys, while with a party shooting rail, had his hand above the wrist blown off by the bursting of his piece, a double-barrelled gun. He bore his affliction with great fortitude, and actually carried the mangled limb in his left hand until he reached the residence of the physician.

Mrs. Trollope has not yet done with us. The old lady cannot soon forget the ill success her scheme of a bazaar met with, and she is determined to have ample satisfaction for her disappointment. The Literary Gazette announces the appearance of "The Refugee in America, a Novel, by Mrs. Trollope," in which we Yankees are handled without gloves.

The Rev. Doctor Skinner, of this city, has been appointed Bartlett Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Andover Theological Seminary, as successor to the Rev. Dr. Porter, who retains his connexion as President of the Institution.

One hundred and eighty-four boats took to Philadelphia, in the Schuylkill Canal, 6847 tons of coal, last week. The whole quantity brought down this year, is 125,538 tons.

The Comet may be seen in the North-east quarter of the heavens, if the night be not too dark, between ten and eleven o'clock, near the seven stars. It has no hair or tail, but there is something peculiar in its looks, which distinguishes it from the regular celestial family.

We published lately the case of a marriage of a Dr. S. when in a state of collapse from cholera, to Miss W., that the lady might inherit his property. We are pleased to see it mentioned in the Doylestown (Pa.) Democrat, that the gentleman is now convalescent, and stands a fair chance of living to enjoy in health the society of his bride.

ANOTHER.—We learn with regret that Mr. John R. Griffith, while slating a roof of a house on Friday last, lost his foot hold, fell, and died of his wounds the next day. He was a very respectable and industrious citizen, and has left behind him a mourning wife and six children.

We *were*, on Saturday *last*, a plate of large and ripe *figs*, of rich flavor, from Mr. Joshua Longstreth's garden, which is under the management of Mr. William Graham.

FIRE.—On Thursday night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, a fire broke out in the pasteboard manufactory of Mr. Johnston, in Kensington, which with its contents, and several small adjoining buildings, was entirely consumed.

The 22d of February, the anniversary of the birth day of Washington, was celebrated by a party of Americans at Valparaiso.

Mr. William Milnpaugh, a respectable citizen of Montgomery, N. Y. was killed on the 21d instant, by the restiveness of two oxen whom he was driving.

The steam boat Lady of the Lake was sunk in the Mississippi, opposite Wolf Island, on the 13th instant, by running foul of a snag. No lives lost; cargo insured.

Mr. Spurzheim, the European phrenologist, is lecturing with success at Boston.

Letters from Newfoundland state that a dreadful fire occurred at Havre Grean, in that Island, on the 18th August, by which ninety-seven houses were destroyed. Damage estimated at £60,000.

Counterfeit notes of the Bank of Auburn, are in circulation, well executed, and bearing date of the 6th November, 1823, No. 1315, letter A—signature apparently engraved.

MAINE.—The Portland Evening Advertiser of the 20th, contains the return of the votes from all the towns in the state except 25. They are for Smith 30,473, Goodenow 27,329—scattering 351. Smith's majority over the whole 1796.

The body of Mr. Townsend, who wandered from his home (in Lynn) in a state of mental derangement, about seven weeks since, was found on Sunday in Lynn Woods near the old road. He had committed suicide by hanging. His head (from which the body in a decayed state had separated) was found suspended from a tree.

On the 3d of next March the time of service of the following Senators will expire—Messrs. Benton, Dudley, Dickerson, Dallas, Ellis, Foot, Grundy, Holmes, Naudain, Ruggles, Seymour, Samuel Smith, Tyler, Webster, Tipton.

The government of Spain has taken measures to correct the practice, which has obtained in some of the ports of Cuba, of increasing the tonnage duty on American vessels, by an erroneous measurement of their capacity.

A company of gentlemen has agreed to build a town on the Canada side of Niagara at the cataract, for the purpose of affording pleasant accommodations to private families during the summer. It is to be denominated "*The City of the Falls*" We have seen too many of these experiments not to know that the plan will soon exhibit the "*falls*" of a city.

The New York papers complain that the ladies wear their large bonnets at the theatre. We hear of no complaints *for* the same *ag* in this city.

Oliver Howe, a native of Boton, seaman belonging to the Revenue Cutter M'Lane, was accidentally shot at Charleston a few days ago by the gunner of that vessel, while placing a lock ona musket he had been cleaning. The wound is supposed to be mortal.

The house of worship of the first Baptist Church in Providence, has recently been repaired and improved and a fine toned organ, the gift of Nicholas Brown, Esq. will be placed in the gallery.

EARTHQUAKE.—A shock of an earthquake, was lately felt in some part of Nova Scotia, "it lasted the best part of a minute;" a correspondent of the Nova Scotian says, it was so violent, that I could not stand still on my feet in the bedroom, but had to seize the bed post for support. Many rocks and cliffs on the island were shaken down.

The Cholera is abating both at Baltimore and at Washington. It is spreading at Richmond, but has not yet reached Charleston, Savannah or New Orleans.

The merchants of Albany have issued a circular, in which they declare that the health of that city is entirely restored.

Great talent renders a man famous, great merit procures respect, great learning esteem, but good breeding alone ensures love and affection.

ONE DISEASE FOLLOWS ANOTHER.—The Cholera seems to have subsided in Montreal; we hear no further reports of deaths or cases; but on the 20th inst. a grand masquerade was had at the theatre in that city.

The Cincinnati Gazette says—Mr. James M. Bush, formerly of Frederick co. Va., and lately attached to the steamboat Lady Franklin of this port, committed suicide yesterday morning, by cutting his throat. He was a man of good character and correct habits, and no reason can be given for the commitment of this rash action. He had been unwell for several days previous.

The passengers in the ship Pacific, from London, at New York, have presented to the commander, Captain Waite, a handsome piece of plate, and given him a dinner. Mr. Charles Kemble was deputed to conduct the correspondence.

Since the opening of the navigation, this year, at Quebec, *forty-nine thousand five hundred and sixty-nine* emigrants arrived at that port.

We are informed that Mr. Robert Arnold, formerly collector of Amboy, N. Y. was on Thursday taken at the suit of the United States, and committed to prison.

An Ice Association has been formed at New Orleans, for the purpose of buying or importing ice for the supply of the city during the summer. The capital is $75,000, divided into shares of $20 each.

The Alexandria Gazette speaks of "an affair," which took place near that town two or three days ago. The parties fought with muskets, deliberately firing at each other, when a fair opportunity offered. Three shots were exchanged, and one of the combatants is thought to be seriously wounded.

In many towns in Massachusetts, the decease of a person is announced in the following manner: Immediately after their death, information thereof is forwarded to the Sexton of the parish to which the deceased belonged, who announces it by ringing and tolling the bell; he then strikes the age of the deceased, and likewise rings and tolls the bell at the time of the funeral.

The number of Seamen belonging to the U. States estimated with as much accuracy as possible, is 92,000, of whom there are in the foreign trade 50,000; in the coasting trade, in vessels of nearly or over 100 tons burthen, 25,000; in coasting vessels of less than 50 tons burthen, 5000; in the codfishery, 5000; in the steam vessels, 1000; and in the U. S. Navy, 6000.

Fontenelle lived to be nearly one hundred years old. A lady, of nearly equal age, said to him one day, in a large company, 'Monsieur, you and I *stay* here so long that I have a notion death hath forgotton us!' 'Speak as *softly* as you can, Madam,' replied Fontenelle, 'lest you should remind him of us.'

THE CANAL.—The Easton Sentinel of Saturday says:—"The tolls received at the Collector's Office, at Easton, from the 3d inst. up to this date, amount to nearly $2000. A greater amount has been taken on the lower end of the line, during the same period. It will next season be the most profitable canal in the State."

A Napier Press, of 1000 guineas value, left London on the 1st April for Constantinople, purchased for the use of the Sultan

The private fortune of the Dauphiness of France, who is married to King Leopold, is upwards of 30,000 Louis Philip is to give her 20,000 more, each per annum, so that her yearly income will be 50,000.

The city of Albany is supposed, from estimates made, to contain 30,000 inhabitants.

The Union Party of South Carolina, at their late convention, appointed deputations to attend the sittings of the Legislatures of the states of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi.

The Boston Daily Atlas contains the following interesting intelligence:—"We understand that a gentleman of this city has lately given $5000 to Yale College and $5000 to Harvard University.

M. Bourienne, who was long private secretary to Napoleon and author of "Memoires de Napoleon," has been taken to a private lunatic asylum at Bon-Sauveur, being in a state of mental alienation.

The Baltimore papers mention the arrest of Isaac Keagy and George Warner, two chaps who, for some time past, have been extensively engaged in counterfeiting.

At the late session of the Court of Common Pleas, at Taunton, a man was fined $50, and costs, for selling lottery tickets. A man was fined $1, for mowing on Sunday, and another for not having a sign as innholder.

"THE LATEST FASHION."—A person somewhat in arrears, recently directed the publisher of the U. S. Telegraph to discontinue his paper, for reasons therein given. The publisher thanks his patron for his *candor*, and says he will stop when he 'pays up;' and for fear he may forget it, declares his intention to place the notice among the advertisements, "marked '*t. p.*' which means, 'to be published until paid!'"

A fire occurred at Grace Harbour, Newfoundland, on the 19th ult. which destroyed buildings and property estimated at £60,000.

NOTICE.—A gratuitous Lecture on the Thomsonian System of Botanic Family Medicine will be delivered at the Adelphi Hall, Fifth street below Walnut, on Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, by Dr. Jesse Thomson. The constitution of the T. M. S. Society will be read. The members of the Society and other Ladies and Gentlemen favorable to the adoption of Botanic medicines, are invited to attend.

LAFAYETTE HOSE COMPANY.—A Stated meeting of the Company will be held at the usual place, on Tuesday evening next, the 2d October, at 8 o'clock.
GEORGE HORN, *Secretary.*

A stated meeting of the WASHINGTON Grays, will be held on Monday evening, October 1, at the usual place, at 7 o'clock. EDW. C. WAYNE, *Secretary.*

THE LADY'S BOOK.

THE next number of this popular publication will appear early in the ensuing month; and its contents will be calculated to afford uncommon interest to its patrons, from the fact of being in part composed of the PRIZE TALE, for which the publishers have paid the premium of

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

It is a gratifying circumstance that, although the number of Tales which were placed in the hands of the Committee were numerous and possessing much interest to recommend them to their favorable judgment, the Premium has been awarded to MISS LESLIE, of Philadelphia, a lady whose talents have been won for her a high reputation on both sides the Atlantic, and one who possesses as much power in delineating scenes and characters with her pen as her eminent brother, whose works are subjects of universal admiration, has exhibited with his pencil.

Mrs. Washington Potts, is the title of the story which has been distinguished by the unanimous approbation of a committee, composed of gentlemen whose taste and judgment are undoubted. It is a lively picture of life and manners, drawn with great skill and discretion nation, and a strict fidelity to nature.—We venture to predict for it a popularity equal to any.

In addition to the *Prize Tale*, the next number will contain several spirited original articles. In order still further to improve the lands, we have employed a young artist, whose present performances give brilliant promise of future distinction, to superintend the embellishments. We have in course of preparation the portraits of several distinguished individuals.

We take the occasion to remind our friends that the edition we now publish for the current volume, does not far exceed the actual number of subscribers, and it will therefore be necessary for those who wish complete sets, to make early application. Since the amelioration of the cholera in the North and East, our orders have increased to such an extent that we feel bound to state the fact, that those who wish the work may see the superiority of further delay. L. A. GODEY & CO.

Single Copies of the next Number (price 37½ cents,) may be had at the Publication Office, No. 3 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, a few doors above the Post Office.
sept 29—2t

MERRILL'S
MEDICATED CLOTH PLASTER.

FOR strengthening and Removal of Pain, occasioned by Gout, Rheumatism, Colds, &c. and cure of Bronchitis, Ulcers, Sores, Tetter, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Corns, &c. &c.

Mrs. Cantelo's, 113 Chesnut st.; R. Hill, 24 South Fourth st.; F. Brown, Fifth and Chesnut st.; Harbes & Co. Fifth and Minor sts.; P. Williamson, Second & Spruce sts.; Thacher, 370 N. Front st.; R. B. Garrigues, Sixth and Market sts.; J. Martin & Co. Seventh and Arch sts.; D. Parrish, Eighth and Arch sts.; Abbott & Co. Third and Arch sts.; B. H. George, Fourth and Race sts.; F. Bequet, Third and Willow sts.
june 2—tf

Jacob Sennefl,

NO. 165 North Second Street, Reed manufacturer, having received letters patent from the United States, for an improvement in making cane reeds or slays, recommend them to the manufacturers and weavers generally, as being decidedly superior to any thing of the kind ever used. They have been tried in some of the largest manufactories in the United States, and approved of by all; he warrants them to be superior both for working fine and durability to the reeds or slays made upon the old plan.

Also, a general assortment suitable for country work, always on hand.

The above articles will be sold as low as by any other manufacturer in the city. sept 29—1y

Wm. R. & Thos. E. Burr—Tailors,

RESPECTFULLY inform their fri

All things abound with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

The answers to the Enigmas in our last paper: 1 Alphabet; 2 Walter Scott.

USE OF PHRENOLOGY.

Away with all doubt and mis-giving,
Now Lovers must woo by the book—
There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
No man can be caught by a hook.
Bright eyes or a love-breathing dumpla
No longer their witchery fling;
That lover indeed must be simple
Who yields to so silly a thing.

No more need we fly the bright glances
Where Cupid shot arrows of yore:
To skulls let us limit our fancies,
And Love by the bumps we explore!
Oh now we can tell in a minute
What fate will be ours when we wed:
The heart has no powers within it
That is not engraved on the head.

The first time I studied the science
With Jane, and I cannot tell how,
'Twas not till the eve of alliance
I caught the first glimpse of her brow.
Carnality finely expanding,
The largest I happened to see;
Such argument's far too commanding,
Thought I, to be practiced on me.

Then Nancy came next, and each feature
As mild as an angel's appears;
I ventured, the sweet little creature,
To take a peep over her ears;
Destructiveness, terrible omen,
Most vilely developed did he!
Though perhaps it is common in women,
And hearts may be all they destroy.)

The *organ of speech* was in Fanny:
I shuddered—'twas terribly strong!
Then fled, for I'd rather that any
Than that to my wife should belong.
I next turned my fancy to Mary—
She swore she loved nothing but me:
How low look and how high she could vary,
For aught but *self love* did I see.

Locality, silly betraying
In Helen a passion to roam,
Spoke such predilection for straying—
Thought I—she'll be never at home.
Oh! some were so low in the forehead,
I never could settle my mind:
While others had all that was horrid
In terrible swellings behind.

At length 'twas my lot to discover
The finest of skulls I believe,
To please or to puzzle a lover,
That Spurzheim or Gall could conceive.
Would take a whole age to decipher
The bumps upon Emily's head;
So I said, I will settle for life here,
And study them after we're wed.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Clarksville, Texas, Sept. 2, 1832.

Mr. Exton—In your paper of June 2d, I observed a question for solution by J. Heiney, and as I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, and pleased to see such questions as the one alluded to, I here send an answer to it.

The bullet will overtake the stone 63.75 feet from the top of the tower (allowing a heavy body to fall, 16 1-12 feet the first second of time and increase its velocity according to the square of the time as is generally allowed.)

As a proof the above is the correct answer, say the whole fall of the bullet will be 99.75 feet its time of descent..... 2.7793 seconds
The first 27 feet of its fall will be..... 1.2956 do.

Which subtracted from the whole time is 1.0797

Now the length of the flag staff 27, and the distance from the top of the tower to the window where the stone starts 63.75 feet below it is 36.75 feet, leaves 18.75 feet, the distance the stone has to fall, which by calculation will require the same time as above 1.0797 do.

Respectfully, D. A.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

SPITFIRE'S ADVENTURE.

I suppose, Mr. Editor, you concur in the generally received opinion, that *horse-jockies* are rogues *ex-officio*, and Yankees rogues from instinct. Now, sir, I am a Yankee horse-jocky, and if the opinion before mentioned is correct, you will allow that I am a fair match for old Scratch himself. I am a modest man, and shall not attempt to decide a point that involves my character for sagacity to the extent above indicated; but instead thereof, will describe an exploit, performed in my regular line of business, that I once enacted much to the detriment of a parcel of sharpers.

Some dozen or fifteen years since, when horse racing and trotting matches were not prohibited in Massachusetts, I owned a little Narragansett mare, that knew a one than any wife and son Tom together. She had the spirits of thunder and lightning, but no beauty to speak of. When I first bought her, ropes wouldn't hold her, nor fences keep her within bounds. I tried various ways and good feeding, but she grew ferocious and poor. I tried flogging and starving, but she remained unable and gained flesh. In short, she was one of the devil's beauties, and I let her have her own way; and she soon deserved greater bone than a Roman Consulship. About the time the mare and I came to a good understanding, there was to be a purse race on the Roxbury course, and I thought I might just as well make a few dollars as not. So I put Spitfire into the old horse-cart, threw in a few sermons, and such other things as were necessary, and started for Boston. I set out right well, and with a pocket-book sufficiently lined, went on to the race-ground.

Spitfire knew well enough what was going on, so she shammed lame, and looked as though she didn't know oats from hog hay.

"Gentlemen," says I, giving Spitfire a cut to get her into a trot, "you've had some good running here."

Not a word was said in reply, but they all looked at my little nag, as who should say, "old daddy, you've no business here."

Says I, "you needn't turn up your noses at Dobbin. She can run like every thing. I tell ye. If you want to lay a small sum, I'm ready for you."

"We don't put our blood horses against such a *thing* as that for nothing. If you have a hundred dollars to lose, down with it, or else get out of the way."

"Hundred dollars," cried I, "that's a great deal of money. But I've got a little of my own, and some that belongs to one of my neighbors that I don't care if I try."

Seeing that I was in earnest, they took out the money—I did the same, and it was deposited with the umpires.

"Who is to ride your skeleton?" said one buck with a sneer.

"I guess I shall ride her myself. I does all Dobbin's mounting."

So I drove a little one side—unhitched Spitfire—took off a heavy pair of shoes that I had fitted for the occasion—opened a box in the horse-cart, and put an elegant saddle and bridle on to Spitfire—pulled off my frock and trowsers, and appeared on the ground in a pair of buckskin tights, and a jocky cap and jacket.

"Gentlemen," said I, speaking in a different tone, "I rather think—I am ready for your now."

They looked a little astonished, but there was no alternative, and after some humming and hawing, we started. The race was for one heat of a mile only. The horse that I ran against was a noble looking creature—long neck, slender legs, well opened nostrils, and an eye like an antelope; but he was no match for Spitfire. I gave her the reins—perfectly content to risk the hundred dollars on her management. She ran forty or fifty rods just to try the speed of her antagonist, and then checked herself, and suffered the horse to come up and go a few rods past—then thinking, apparently, that she had no time for further trifling, off she started, and soon passed the horse, coming in thirty yards ahead.

Pocketing the two hundred dollars very coolly, I marched up to my gentlemen jockies—"Take care word of advice from a man who is from as far down east as the hem of you—*never bet horses for sixties as you know your man.*"

As I walked Spitfire off the ground, I heard one of my friends mutter, "*A dead hite, by*"—

Abraham Doolittle.

Hen vs. Hog, a Dutchman's Story.—"Mine Cot, Hauns, you may talk so much as you may be a mind to agout te hog's peine to contractest animal, put te hen is so much more contrary a cood deal. Vy, no longer ago an rother day, I try to make te hen set; I pout te eggs under her, I make te nest all up good. I pout te hen on, put she no set; I jam her town in te eggs, put she vill'op right up. Den I makes a leetle box, 'pout so pig von way, (measuring with his hands,) and 'pout so pig tother way—den I poots te hen on te nest, and jest takes and poots te leetle pox right over her. Ven I jest raises von corner of te leetle pox to see vether she pe setting, I pe tam if I vont find te tam pitch *sit a standing!*—*Middlever Telegraph.*

Anecdote of a Parot. An Irishman, standing on the tongue of a wagon, was run away with by a pair of horses and had his legs very much bruised by the violent motion of the wagon-frames. Some person, to whom he was relating the accident, asked him—"Why didn't you jump off, Patrick?"

"Faith, sir," returned Pat, "and it was as much as I could do to stay on."—*Constellation.*

RULES FOR LADIES.

1. Marry not a *profane* man: because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children, and embitter your existence.

2. Marry not a *gambler*, a *loser*, or a haunter of taverns: because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for his wife.

3. Marry not a man who makes it a practice to attend *horse races, frolics, &c.* because he who sees no harm in doing this, will soon see no harm in taking a dram, and he who sees no harm in taking a dram, will soon see no harm in doing things still worse.

4. Marry not a man who makes *promises* which he never performs: because you can never trust him.

5. Marry not a man whose *actions* do not correspond with his *sentiments*: because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature unrestrained can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own ideas of right and wrong is deplorable and the less you have to do with him the better.

6. Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after *all* the girls in the country; because the affections are continually wavering—and therefore never can be permanent.

7. Marry not a man who *neglects* his business; because if he does so when single, he will be worse when married.

A Remarkable Case.—In the celebrated Jewish Fast. Address to Abraham.—Gentlemen of the jury, we have heard the evidence against this here fellow; he confessed to the prosecute him, of his effects and money, but as far as I can learn, has always been a vagabond, a stroller, I think; a fellow that went about with tricks and fancies. I will tell you a pleasant story: Some years ago, when I was at Exeter, there was a fellow, an ill looking dog, somewhat like the prisoner at the bar, that went about with a bear and a fiddle; a travelling animal: there was no living for his tricks and fancies. So this was very well. However, some time after I went that circuit. You may be sure I inquired for my old friend; but, somehow or other, the bear was dead, and the fiddle sold. But how do you think I served the fellow? why, I hanged him.—*Emerson proper.*

Strange effect of a non Resident Proscutation.—The Catholic chapels, in many of the poorer parts of Ireland, are but very scantily furnished. In one of these humble places of worship three strange bodies made their appearance just at the moment when the priest was about to commence the service of the day. Gallantry is always uppermost in an Irishman's mind, even though he be a priest: so an Irishman, who was present on the present occasion, Anglice an Irishman, rose to offer his visiters, and to show them that he was not an ordinary orator, whose language was tinged with the brogue, he ordered some of his flock to hand chairs to the ladies; but, anxious to appear refined in their eyes, his directions were, "Boys, three cheers for the ladies;" an order which was instantly obeyed with an alacrity and strength of lungs creditable to the "finest peasantry in the world"—[The Original.]

The River Rip.—A farmer's wife, not many miles from Spaulding, and who usually sends the market with her butter and eggs, one week lately being busily engaged, which prevented her attending the market, for the sake of convenience, consigned her butter and eggs to a shop not far distant from the town. Being a new customer, old spitphlam commenced trying her honesty, and, the butter being found deficient in weight, it was communicated to the old lady. She replied, if it is not weight, it ought to be, for my pound weights, which I had in the house at once, somewhere got to be found, and I was compelled to weigh my butter against one of your pounds of sugar.

Indian Sharpening.—When General Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down upon a log: he was then desired to move, and in a few minutes to move still further; the request was repeated till the General got to the end of the log. The Indian said, "Move further." To which the General replied, "I can move no further." "Then so it is with us," said the chief; "you have moved us back to the water, and then ask us to move further."

Dress of an Indian Belle.—The young Indian warrior is, notoriously, the most thorough-going beau in the world.—Broadway and Bond street furnish no subjects that will spend so much time, or endure so much crimping and confinement, to appear in full dress.

We think that we have observed such a character, constantly employed with his paints and his pocket glass, for three full hours, laying on the colors, arranging his tresses, and contemplating, with visible satisfaction, from time to time, the progress of his attractions. The chiefs and warriors, in full dress, have one, two, or three clasps of silver about their arms generally jewels in their ears, and often in their nose; and nothing is more common than to see a thin, circular piece of silver, of the size of a dollar, hanging from their nose, a little below their upper lip. Painted porcupines' quills are twirled in their hair, and tails of animals hang from it behind. A necklace of bears' or alligators' teeth, or claws of the bald eagle, or cornelian red beads, or, spanning these, a kind of rosary, of red thornberries, hangs about the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are ornamented with great numbers of little perforated, cylindrical pieces of silver or brass, that tinkle, as the person walks. If, to all this, he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat of blue, faced with red, over the customary calico shirt, he steps firmly on the ground, to give his ticklers a simultaneous noise, and, apparently, considers his person with as much complacency as a human beaus can feel. This is a very curtailed view of an Indian beau, but faithful as far as it goes, to the description of almost every young Indian at a great public dance.

"But won't you *take* my word, sir, when I tell you I will call and liquidate your demand on Saturday morning next?" said a delinquent debtor to a fuming creditor, with whom he had always kept his words. "No, sir," rejoined the other. "I had rather you would *keep* your word."

Bankrupts.—The total number of bankrupts in England, in the year 1831, was 1304. Of these there was in the metropolis 629; at Liverpool, 66; at Manchester, 63; at Birmingham, 27; at Bristol, 26; at Leeds, 19; at Sheffield, 5; at Nottingham, 7; at Norwich, 5. Of the trades and professions, the publicans, under the different heads of "tavern-keepers, inn-keepers, and victuallers, have evidently suffered more severely during the year than any other, the names of 121 of this class having appeared in the Gazette. Next come the grocers, 70; merchants, 66; wine-merchants, 51; linen-drapers, 50; coal-merchants, 36; mercers, and drapers, 36; builders, 32; tailors, 31; cotton-spinners, 29; bakers, 22; iron-mongers, 24; brewers, 22; booksellers, 13; printers, 13; bankers, 12; surgeons, 12; farmers, 7.

Inconvenient Habit.—A costermonger, meeting one of his own fraternity, whose pony might be considered as a sort of *corn-fed living skeleton*, remonstrated with the owner for not "blowing out the hanimal's hide," as he elegantly termed it, and asked him if he never fed him.—"Never feed him! my eyes, but that's a good 'un," was the reply: "why he's got a bushel and a half o' oats at home now, *only he aren't got no time to eat them.*"

The Passport's Guard.—An Englishman in Philadelphia speaking of the Presidency of Washington, was expressing a wish to see an American to behold with his own eyes. While this conversation passed, "there he goes," replied the American, pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage, passing on the other side of the street—"That General Washington!" exclaimed the Englishman—"where is his guard?" "Here," replied the American, striking his bosom with emphasis.

Quaker Repartee!!!.—A young man desirous of entering into business on his own account, applied to a wholesale linen draper, to give him credit for goods to the amount of £500. Being asked for a reference as to character, he mentioned Mr. B., a quaker, who, on being applied to, gave the young man such a character, as induced the tradesman immediately to let him have the goods he wished for. After being some time in business, and by his conduct, justifying the trust reposed in him, he fell into habits of dissipation, neglected his shop, and, as a natural consequence, became insolvent. The injured creditor met with Mr. B. and complained that he had been deceived as to the character of the young man, by which he had lost £500. The honest Quaker replied, that he had spoken to the best of his knowledge, and had been deceived. As, however, it was on his representation the credit had been given to the insolvent, he would pay the debt; which he did immediately, by a cheque on his banker.

Anecdote of Parrots.—Parrots, like cuckoos, form their notes deep in the throat, and show great aptitude in imitating the human voice. A most remarkable instance I met with at Mr. Abraham's villa in Brompton. A lady, who had great admiration for his talents, presented him with a parrot, on which she had bestowed great pains teaching it to talk. After dinner, during a pause in the conversation, I was startled by a voice from one corner of the room calling out, in a strong hearty manner, "come, Abram, give us a song." Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request being repeated, and not answered, the parrot struck up the first verse of *God save the King*, in a clear, warbling tone, singing at the style of the singer, and sang it through. The man with which this bird was taught was equally surprising with the performance. The same lady prepared him to accost Catalini, when dining with Mr. Braham, which so alarmed Madame that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing *Rule Britannia* in a loud and intrepid tone, the chanteress fell on her knees before the bird, expressing, in terms of delight, her admiration of its talents.—This parrot has only been exceeded by Lord Kelley's, who, upon being asked to sing, replied—"I never sing on a Sunday." "Never mind that, Poll, come give us a song."—"No, curse me, I've got a cold—don't you hear how hoarse I am?" This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of *God save the King*, words and music, without hesitation, from the beginning to the end.—*Music of Nature.*

APHORISMS ON CHOLERA.

1. When a disease, which is now pervading the habitable world, appears in a particular country, the inhabitants of that country must make up their minds to face it, or fly before it.

2. If the whole population should abandon their business, and spend their time in flying from place to place, it is certain that as many would run into the disease as would run out of it, and the aggregate of distress and mortality would be infinitely increased.

3. If by common consent, the whole population should continue their customary occupations and intercourse, without shrinking from the presence of the disease, their prosperity would hardly be diminished, and the sum of mortality in a given term of months or years would hardly, if at all, be increased.

4. No country has a right to expect uninterrupted prosperity. Of the scourges which occasionally visit nations, the cholera is one of the slightest.

5. A year of cholera is a less evil than a year of bad government. It is not probable that all the death and suffering which cholera has inflicted upon France, has been so detrimental to that country, as six months of Napoleon's administration, or one of his campaigns.

6. A year of cholera is a less evil than a year of intemperance. Twenty years ago, more life and labor was sacrificed in the United States to ardent spirits, than the cholera has consumed in any civilized country of Europe. At the present day, cholera without intemperance would be but a shadow of what it now appears.

7. If in any civilized country cholera becomes a grievous calamity, it is chiefly because the imprudence, the terror, and the selfishness of citizens render it so.

8. History shows, that in times of general pestilence, mankind, in proportion to the state of ignorance and ferocity, have given vent to their bad passions, in unguarded acts of cruelty and strife. In the middle ages, in obtain satisfaction for the inflictions of Providence, they massacred Jews and burnt witches. In modern times they assail municipal governments, attack public charities, mob physicians, write newspaper calumnies.

9. It is not worthy of a humane and enlightened age, that friends, or that cities, should renounce intercourse with each other, on account of a calamity which must speedily become common to all, exactly in proportion to these capacity to receive it.

10. Should the cholera continue to prevail for three years throughout this continent, it would cease to interrupt business or recreation. Mankind cannot always stand aghast, and the wheels of society at length would no more be impeded by it, than they now are by the existence of consumption, of old age, or of drunkenness.

When the cholera arrives at a place, it behooves every active and healthy citizen to make his will, and make his peace with God. Having done this, he should go about his ordinary affairs, fearlessly, industriously, prudently, avoiding no situation whatever into which duty may call him. Facts render it certain, that as far as cholera is concerned, there are ninety-nine chances in a hundred, he will find himself alive and well at the year's end.

A Physician.

REVOLUTIONARY EVENTS.

DEATH OF BARON DE KALB.

Immediately on receiving orders of departure, we waited on the good old De Kalb to take our leave, and to express our deep regret at parting with him. "It is with great regret, my dear sir, that I part with you," said he, "because I feel a presentiment that we part to meet no more." We told him we hoped better things.

"Oh no," he replied, "it is impossible. War is a kind of game that has its fixed rules, whereby, when we are well acquainted with them, we can pretty correctly tell how the trail will go. To-morrow, it seems, that the die is to be cast; and in my judgement, without the least chance on our side.—The militia I suppose will, as usual, play the back game: that is, run off as soon as their legs will carry them. But that, you know, won't do for me. I am an *old soldier*, and cannot run; and I believe I have some brave fellows who will stand by me till the last. So when *you hear of* one battle lost, you will probably hear that your old friend De Kalb is at rest."

I never was more affected in my life; and I perceived tears in the eyes of General Marion. De Kalb saw them too, and taking us by the hand he said, with a firm tone and animated look, "No, no, gentlemen, no emotion for me, but time of gratulation." I saw happy. To me is the irreversible decree of Him who made us. Then what joy to be able to meet death without dismay? Thank God, this is my case. The happiness of man is my wish; that happiness I deem inconsistent with slavery. And to assert no great an evil from an innocent people, I will gladly meet the British to-morrow, at any odds whatever."

As he spoke this a fire flashed from his eyes, which seemed to me to demonstrate the divinity of virtue, and the immortality of the soul. We left him with feelings which shall never forget, while memory retains her seat in my brain.

It was on the morning of August 15th, 1780, that we left the army in a good position, near Rugeley's Mills, twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay. At ten that night, orders were given to march and surprise the enemy, who had at the same time commenced a march to surprise the Americans. To their mutual astonishment the advance of the two armies met at two o'clock, and began firing at each other. It was soon discontinued by both parties, who appeared to be willing to put it to be decided by day-light. A council of war was called, in which De Kalb advised that the army should fall back to Rogeley's Mills, and wait to be attacked. Gen. Gates not only rejected this excellent counsel, but threw out an insinuation that it originated in fear. Upon this the brave old man leaped from his horse, and placed himself at the head of his command on foot, saying with considerable warmth, "Well, sir, perhaps a few hours will show who are the brave."

As day-light increased the frightened militia began to discover the woods reddened all over with the scarlet uniforms of the British army, which soon, with rattling drums and thundering cannon, came rushing on to the charge; and they scarcely waited to give them a distant fire before they broke, and fled in every direction. General Gates clapped spurs to his horse, as he said, "to bring the rascals back." However, he did not bring himself back, nor did he stop till he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle. Two-thirds of the army for the time unluckily taken themselves off, the brave old De Kalb and his handful of continentals were left to try the fortunes of the day. More determined valor was never displayed; for though outnumbered more than two to one, they sustained the attack of the whole British force for more than an hour. Glorying in the bravery of his continentals, De Kalb towered before them like a pillar of fire. But, alas! what can valor do against equal valor aided by such fearful odds? While heading forward to animate his troops, the veteran received eleven wounds. Fainting from the loss of blood, he sunk down upon the field, while Britons and Americans were killed over him as they strove to destroy or to defend.—In the midst of clashing bayonets, his only surviving aid, Col. De Buryeson, stretched his arms over the fallen hero, and called out, "save the Baron De Kalb." The British officers then interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

De Kalb died as he had lived, the unconquered friend of liberty. When the English officer condoled with him for his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for. I lived them about six weeks on grain before I left them, and I believe I have as fat hogs and as good pork as my neighbors, who give to their hogs double the quantity of grain that I do to mine."

Not only are apples of use in feeding hogs, but hogs are useful in preserving apples from the curculio or the worm that injures and destroys a very large portion of our fruit. When swine are permitted to go at large in orchards, they devour the fruit as it falls, together with the curculios in the magent or larva state, which may be contained in such fruit. Fruit, however, may be gathered as fast as it falls and given to hogs confined in a sty, or not permitted to run in an orchard.—But in order to insure the destruction of the curculio as well as to save the fruit for the swine, so that it may yield its greatest quantity of nutriment, it should be boiled; and a little bran or Indian meal, or farinaceous substance added to the fruit while boiling, will make a compound which will greatly promote the growth and fattening of these animals.—*Sweet* apples contain more nourishment, but all apples and every kind of fruit are useful when thus prepared and applied. If no worse fruit was ever suffered to lie on the ground long enough for the worms to come to their genial, we should soon extirpate this pernicious insect.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Sand as a Manure.—An elaborate report on this subject has been presented to the French Academy of Sciences—good arable land is proved to contain four primitive earths, the varied proportions of which form the different qualities of the Soil. It appears, the siliceous principle predominates in good land. M. Chaptal found of it 49 per cent, in the most fertile soil on the banks of the Loire. Davy extracted 60 from the loam of the English soils, and Giobert found 70 in the most productive lands near Turin. Dr. Darwin made the experiment of covering with silicia a small lot of land and he found the crops as good as in the most (naturally) fertile soil in the vicinity; and he gives it as his opinion, that its great fertilizing virtue consists in its allowing both water and air to reach and penetrate to the roots of the vegetable, of which they form the two principal elements.

Why is a boy that sets up nine-pins large as an English Nobleman? Because he keeps ninepins.

Shoemaker & Love,

NO. 11 South Third Street, have recently received and now offer for sale, a very large assortment of seasonable fashionable goods, comprising—imperial blue and black cloths, of British and French manufacture; extra super linens and blacks, beavers, olives, cirons, invisible green and other fashionable fancy colours. Also, extra superfine blue and black cassimeres, a part, the finest imported. Extra super linen drabs, blacks, brown-stair, drab, Oxford, steel and fancy mixt cassimeres.

Also in store, a very general assortment of blue, black, drab mixt and fancy coloured cloths of all qualities and prices. Blue black and fancy cassimeres, both double and single milled. Petit de vantiennes, satin of stripe for children's dress; satinvetens, tailoret and silk cloth; vestings of rich patterns buttons of all kinds; shirting and sheetings, canvass and padding, coatings, Petersham threads and sewing silks, sarsnet, bob lining, &c. &c. all of which we offer for sale wholesale and retail, at low prices and on the most accommodating terms.

SHOEMAKER & LOVE,
Cloth store, 11 south 3d street.
sept 25—3

Tin Ware Manufactory

NO. 62 North Second Street, above Arch, and 372 North Second street, opposite Pegg street, Philadelphia.

William H. Fowler, being thankful for past favors, respectfully informs his friends of the public in general, that he has removed from his old stand corner of Willow and Second sts. to the above mentioned place; and hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Gutters, house pipe copper, tin, and sheet iron roofing, done in the best manner, upon the most reasonable terms.
sept 8—3m*

Cheap DRY Goods!

THE subscribers still and receive daily at their ware, at No. 87 Market street above Eighth. We have just received and will sell now—

		per yard.
72 pieces treble chain black gros de nap, but only		75
15 do do 3 cheer black and blue, black gros de Swiss		62½
10 do do heavy blue black Arabian Poplins		50
25 do do heavy jet black gros de Berlin only		50
12 do do 4-4 assorted dark colors gros de Swiss		75
Valued Barcelets, only		25
5 pieces rich Italian Lustrings		31
5 do rich Italian Satin Lustrings		37½
5 do rich Italian Satin Lustrings		50
5 do rich Italian Satin Lustrings		62½
5 do rich Italian Satin Lustrings		75
Rich Italian Satin Lustrings	50 to	75
A large assortment of rich Italian Satin Lustrings		87½
A general assortment of rich velvets, 50 boxes assorted colors		
Italian crape, first qual. ladies' opt. cloth, all shades, g. pair		25
10 dozen men's heavy silk half hose, only		25
1 case superfine 8-4 bleached shirting muslin		12½
10 pieces 3-4 do very heavy do do		12½
Extra fine Canton flannels		12½
A large assortment of white, red, and yellow flannels		25
50 pieces superfine dark brown sheets, only		31½
50 do do do do do		37½
Rich figured and striped Jaconet, 50 pc all shades, assorted patterns		12½
Superfine linen shirt collars, only		10
We have just received 50 pc spliced, thread mock'd hob. Jaconet		
Also, satin super pearlet and black mourning bombazines		25
Super do do do do		31
7-4 square pearlet and black shawls		5 00
Splendid white merino do		6 00
12-4 wool real Thibet shawls, plain borders, scarce article		7 50
4-4 Thibet wool shawls		2 50
4-4 do shawls assorted colors		1 25
6-4 crape a Chene shawls		
Also, blue, black and brown cords, satinets, &c. &c. &c.		
1 case ladies' superfine Leghorn hats, 1 do. misses', assorted sizes. 1 do. ladies' do. do. and a great many other articles too numerous to mention.		

The above goods will be sold 20 per cent cheaper than can be bought elsewhere.

☞ Country merchants are particularly requested to call and examine our silks and merino shawls, and other goods, as we are determined to sell low. sept 15—3t*

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE Subscriber most respectfully begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has rented, for a number of years, the above establishment, lately occupied by Messrs. Williamson. The Building was especially erected for a Hotel of the first class, and is believed to be the most extensive west of the mountains, embracing in its arrangements every convenience and comfort that generally results from a well regulated house. Gentlemen, Travellers, the attention is pleasant, open and healthy. Connected with the establishment is an extensive and convenient stable and reach room.

Every exertion will be made to merit the patronage of the town of those who honor the Exchange with their patronage.—No noise or expense will be spared to promote good and efficient servants. His wines and liquors will be, to their several kinds, of the first quality.

He would appeal to those whose liberal support he has hitherto received at the Washington Coffee House for the character of his wines, &c. and begs leave to return them his most grateful thanks. To a continuance of such favors he would add on him the arduous and responsible undertaking. Relying on their indulgence, and his own assiduous zeal to please, he looks forward for a share of public favor.

August 16, 1832. B. MAGUIRE.

P. S. The arrangements for the re-opening of the Exchange will be, it is hoped, completed on the 1st of September.

REFERENCES.

Hon. Judge Baldwin,	
Hon. Wm. Wilkins,	
James Ross, Esq.	*Pittsburgh.*
James Adams, Esq.	
Geo. B. T. Stewart,	
Wm. Robinson, Jr. Esq.	
Robt. C. Ormsby,	
Wm. Biddle, Esq.	*Louisville, Ky.*
Henry Baldwin, Jr. Esq.	*Nashville, Tennessee*
Hon. H. Below	*Nashville, Pa.*
Hon. Wm. Findley,	*Philadelphia.*
John S. Riddle, Esq.	
Gen. Geo. Bomford,	*Washington City.*
Wm. C. Stewart, Esq.	
Alex. McClanahan, Esq.	*Cincinnati.*
John Steele, Esq.	*Natchez.*

aug 18—3ms

Tanner's new Map of the U. States,

IS now published and for sale at No. 144 Chesnut street. A large four sheet Map of the United States of America, thoroughly engraved by H. S. Tanner.

Price of the map mounted on rollers..... $6 00
do..... folded on cloth..... 5 00
do..... on back note paper for the pocket..... 4 50
do..... accompanying memoir..... 1 00

This map contains, in addition to all the new counties, towns, canals, rail roads, &c. made down to the present time, accurate plans of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans and Cincinnati, together with particular maps, on enlarged scales of the environs of those cities, and a correct outline map of the important lines of canal and rail-roads in the United States, and copious statistical tables, arranged in conformity to the late census. The whole comprised in 33 supplemental plates, maps, diagrams, &c. aug 18—6t

DOUBLE LOOPED STOCKINET SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

IS a new article of a superior quality.

JOSEPH HIBBERT, No. 8 College Avenue, south side of 3d, Philadelphia, Church, begs leave to inform the public that he has commenced the manufacture of *Cotton, Worsted and Woollen Shirts and Drawers*, which persons may call and view at his shop, where they will find them manufactured in the most superior manner, and of such a quality that all who purchase, will give the articles a decided preference.

He will at all times keeping constantly on hand a quantity of *shirts and drawers*, made of different threads, and he invites those who wish to prepare for the approaching cold weather, to call and examine for themselves. ☞ N B. Suspenders and Belts or Girdles sup on hand. aug 8—6t

Dr. Hull's Patent Truss.

For the relief and cure of Hernia or Rupture.

DR. A. G. HULL respectfully informs those labouring under the above complaint, that his Patent Lever Truss is adapted to the different species of the complaint to which adults and children are subject; may be obtained at the office, No. 98 North Eighth street, where professional attention will be given to the treatment of the complaint and its consequences. may 18—lyeo

BARTON'S

Rheumatic Liniment,

For Rheumatism, Gout, Bruises, Sprains, Quinsey, &c. &c.

THE success with which this liniment has been used in rheumatic complaints, is unprecedented; it was first introduced to the public but fell, yet in the short time which has elapsed, has been the means of restoring hundreds of individuals to health—many of whom had been afflicted for weeks and some quest re-lieved in a few hours. Where the disease has been of long standing it effects a cure in from 12 to 24 hours, and in a much shorter time. There has never been an instance known where it has failed in giving relief when used according to directions. Every family should have a bottle by them, as the delay of an advertisement will not permit the publication, at this time, of the recommendations, which the proprietor has received; they all recommend, however, the great cures which this liniment has performed; a general trial will prove the fact; it is not a beverage of making it more generally known to those afflicted. For sale by the grose, doz. or single bottle, by *Isaac Thompson*, north west corner of Second and Market streets, or Wm. Baker, No. 19 north Fifth street, both of this city.

☞ A liberal discount to country merchants. sept 15—3mo*

GEORGE H. GUNDT, vs. *CHARLES KAFKA.* } *Domestic Attachment.*

THE subscriber having been appointed by the court of Common Pleas of Northampton county, trustees, for all the creditors of Charles H. Kafka, do hereby request all persons having demands against him, Charles H. Kafka, to present them, and those who are indebted to him, to call and settle without delay; and those who have any property in their hands belonging to the said Charles H. Kafka, will take notice thereof, to

THEILIUS BIEBER, } *Trustees.*
JAMES LEIBERT, }
JOHN F. RAUCH, }

Bethlehem Pa. Sept. 8, 1832. sept 15—6t*

A Card.

JAMES WINTER gives notice that he continues cleaning and dressing all kinds of shawls, in his usual superior manner, such as camels' hair, merino, Canton crape, and Thibet shawls, &c. &c. casts the fringe, and warrants the colors not to fade. His residence is 108 North Second st., a few doors above Race, No. 157.

N. B. Also a patent mangle from London, in good order, for sale. sept 22—6t*

J. Miller—Comb Manufacturer,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has removed from his former dwelling to No. 36 North Second Street, No. 426, between Coates' and Brown streets, and receives his most grateful thanks for their past favors, and asks for a continuance of their patronage: he has also made it convenient, in future to give satisfaction to all those who may encourage him.

Combs of every description are constantly to be had, wholesale and retail. sept 22—3t

LOW & REED'S

COMPOUND CHLORINE TOOTH WASH,

FOR cleansing and preserving the teeth and gums, and cleansing the mouth.—The *chlorine* tooth wash effectually cleanses the teeth, and will answer the purposes of the best dentrifice.—It counteracts acid or any morbid secretion that may be in the mouth in unions. It will also be found to keep the breath itself free from corruption.

The compound chlorine tooth wash has the further advantage of cleansing the mouth also, and of removing whatever is offensive in the breath. It hardens the gums, and is a valuable remedy for canker or soreness of the mouth. It may also be used daily for ladies or gentlemen of the most delicate frame or sore throat. In fine, it preserves the teeth and mouth in all respects in a clean and healthy condition. It is agreeable to the taste. Gentlemen who are in the habit of using tobacco, will find that the tooth wash will completely remove all the effects of it from the mouth.

For sale by Rushton & Aspinwall, New York, No. 81 William street, General Agents for the sale of this article in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Also, for sale in Philadelphia, by the most P. Griffith, corner of Eighth and Chesnut street.

S. Brown, corner of Chesnut and Fifth streets.

Charles Ellis, 56 Chesnut street.

F. Ahrt, corner of Second and Callowhill streets.

And Isaac Thompson, corner of Second and Market street.

sept 22—three

Dr. Chauncey,

Botanic Physician, Office No. 152 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, continues to offer his services in all cases of disease.

THE system of practice here alluded to, is based upon incontestable and scientific principles; every part of which is rational and demonstrable. At a time when every help was anxiously sought, and every means tried to arrest the progress of an appalling pestilence, the success attending this practice has called the attention of the public.

Within the last two months, 114 persons who had purchased medicines here, have come forward, unsolicited, and reported favorably of its efficacy in arresting the disease, even when they had been violently attacked with spasmodic cholera. In private practice, by this system, up to the present time, only 1 case in 37 has terminated fatally. Hundreds in the city are now ready to testify, that the free use of these vegetable medicines has essentially lessened the bills of mortality. More than 600 persons have purchased the cholera tincture within two months. The difference may be had a reason here, usually efficacious in all the prevailing diseases. There is no pretension to cure every disease by one medicine, as has long searched. This is a regular, settled and matured system of healing disease by vegetable agents. All kinds of family medicines needful to all diseases, according to the Thomsonian plan, constantly on medicines, labeled, with directions for use.

Just received and for sale, cheap, a quantity of best African cayenne; together with a fresh assortment of the genuine Thomsonian medicines; all at reduced prices.

Also, as usual, Family rights, or Dr. Thomson's Narrative and Guide to Health. All advice, with a Supplement, may be had of the subscriber, residing as above (152 South 4th street,) of the legal agent, Wm. Armstrong. sept 29—4t

Marshall's Ague & Fever Powders.

THESE powders, if taken regularly, and according to the directions, seldom if ever fail to cure, as thousands can testify of their having been cured by them, after other medicines had failed; and not one in a hundred has had occasion to take more than one, or at most two powders, to effect a cure. They are particularly recommended to persons residing in those situations, where ague and fever prevail, which, when early attended to, injure the constitution and bring on a variety of complaints of a dangerous and alarming nature. Their use requires no other preparation, or any particular regimen, except that the patient should take a dose of purging pills or an emetic; after the operation of which, and in the absence of fever, the powders are to be taken according to the printed directions on each paper.

Prepared and sold at *Charles Marshall's* wholesale drug and chemical store, No. 8 Minor street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, south side. Also at his wholesale and retail store, No. 319 Market street, Philadelphia. sept 22—tf

Press Screws, Fire Proof Doors, &c

THE Subscriber, having erected a Press Screw and Screw Slide Lathe, is now prepared to furnish Press Screws of every description, for cotton, for cider, for tobacco and for paper, &c. with or without Screw-in Presence heavy turning of any description, and Cylinders and Beam of iron, turned with accuracy. Fire proof Doors for Banks and Stores, on reasonable terms, with smith work generally, by

CHARLES EVANS,
Schuylkill Second, above Callowhill.

N B. About 60 feet of Shafts, and Pulleys, Hangers and Plummery Blocks, &c. complete for Glasscutters, nearly new, and made in the